Nazi Orgy

Reign of Terror
AN EDITORIAL

Speak Out!
LESTER COHEN

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and Reports from
Five States

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ON THE COVER
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NOV. 22, 1938

FIFTEEN CENTS

New MASSES

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Between Ourselves

WE HAVE received numerous inquiries about the article "A Tip for Mr. Dies," concerning the activities of Lever Bros, published in our issue of October 11. Many readers have wanted to know the sources we employed for saying that the makers of Lifebuoy, Lux, and Rinso were aiding Nazis in Czechoslovakia and elsewhere. The sources, as the article pointed out, were reports from Dun & Bradstreet, Standard Statistics, Lever Bros. reports, a speech by E. W. D. Tennant, secretary of the Anglo-German Fellowship (a photostat of which is on file in the New York Public Library), and a release from Trikor, a reputable Prague news agency. Many readers have queried Lever Bros. of Cambridge, Mass., and representatives of the company have denied absolutely the truth of our charges. It is worth pointing out, however, that the company has directed no protest to this office.

A living reminder of the immortal Negro blues singer, Bessie Smith—that is what her niece, Ruby Smith, has been called by John Hammond, who is producing NEW MASSES' concert at Carnegie Hall, December 23. Ruby Smith, Bessie's favorite niece, traveled as a dancer in the tent show which Bessie toured through the South. From Bessie she learned the classic repertoire of blues—"Thinking Blues," "Nobody Knows You When You're Down and Out," "Empty Bed Blues," "Back Water Blues," "Young Woman Blues"—the rest of the songs Bessie placed surely among the great things in Negro music. Ruby, born in Norfolk, Va., was recently discovered in Harlem by Mr. Hammond and Count Basie, whose orchestra will illustrate the best of Negro jazz in the *From Spirituals to Swing* concert. Basie, one of the greatest of Negro pianists, was eager for the honor of accompanying Ruby in her first appearance, but he grew so excited hearing her during a rehearsal that he forgot to play. So James P. Johnson, Bessie's original accompanist on such of her outstanding records as "Back Water Blues," will accompany her niece's debut. Mr. Johnson is the composer of "Old-Fashioned Love" and is the dean of Negro pianists.

The evening of American Negro music, which will bring to New York music lovers, for the first time, the genuine, untainted musical forms of the Negro, will be dedicated to the first singer of them all—Bessie Smith, who was killed last November in an auto accident in the South. She has since been memorialized in a special album of recordings and in the growing regard of music lovers. NEW MASSES is proud to bring her heir and compeer to represent Bessie's spirit in American music. Carnegie Hall, December 23, *From Spirituals to Swing.*

Over a thousand people came to the ACA Gallery in New York for the opening of the "We Like America" art exhibition on November 13, and proved to us that such an affair can be an annual success. Several pieces were sold in the course of the first afternoon, and bids were placed on many others. The exhibition will continue through November 27.

Two NEW MASSES contributors are among the recipients of recent awards made by *Poetry: A Magazine of Verse.* Willard Maas won the Guarantors Prize of $100, and H. H. Lewis was awarded the Harriet Monroe Lyric prize of the same amount.

A "Fiesta de Mascaras," featuring a rumba contest, tequila and tamales, songs and dances, a snappy orchestra, and prizes for the most colorful costumes, will be held for the benefit of the anti-fascist press of Mexico, under the auspices of Grupo Mexico, Saturday, November 19, at 8 p.m., 69 Bank St., N. Y. C.

An experimental exhibition titled "Currents of Life in Greenwich Village, 1900-1938" is now on at the New York Public Library, Hudson Park Branch (10 Seventh Ave., South). It includes books, paintings and water-colors, prints, theater programs, sculpture and pottery, showing the significant relationship of the various arts to each other. Among the writers and artists featured are Michael Gold, Floyd Dell, William Gropper, and Art Young. The exhibition is sponsored by the New York Public Library, which has been assisted by other groups, including the Federal Art Project and the Public Use of Arts Committee.

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Two weeks' notice is required for change of address. Notification direct to us rather than to the post office will give the best results.

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Who's Who

LESTER COHEN is the author of *Two Worlds, Sweepings,* and *The Great Bear.* . . . Sasha Small is editor of *Equal Justice,* publication of the International Labor Defense. . . . Earl McCoy contributed an article on Pennsylvania politics, "That Folksy James Boy," to our September 13 issue. . . . Harold Douglas wrote, "What Wisconsin Thinks of La Follette," for the May 17 issue of NEW MASSES. . . . Al Richmond is managing editor of the *People's World,* left-wing daily published in San Francisco. . . . Arthur Clifford is a young Michigan writer and student of politics. . . . John Strachey is still awaiting the outcome of an appeal from the State Department's decision to revoke the visa granted him by the American consul in London before he sailed for this country. . . . Norman E. Dorland, International Brigade veteran who was captured by Franco's forces, has just returned from Spain following his release, with thirteen fellow prisoners, through an exchange arrangement. . . . Edwin Berry Burgum is a member of New York University's English department. . . . Samuel Putnam's writings have often appeared in NEW MASSES. He is well known as an author and translator. . . . Roger Chase is a former editor of the Columbia *Spectator* who now resides in Seattle, Wash. . . . Cora MacAlbert has contributed articles and reviews to NEW MASSES. . . . Robert Gessner is the author of *Upsurge* and *Some of My Best Friends Are Jews.*

Flashbacks

PROVIDING the world with an object lesson in the technique of aggression, Italy and Germany gave official recognition to rebel Spain, Nov. 18, 1936. . . . That American capitalists contemplated using another fascist technique was made clear to the public Nov. 20, 1934, when Major Gen. Smedley D. Butler announced that he had received an offer from Wall Street financiers to lead a march on Washington. . . . The Minute Men (of revolutionary, not Reorganization Bill, fame) were organized Nov. 23, 1774, and rapidly became one of the best instruments of the people for stimulating the colonial bourgeoisie to rebel. . . .

"We want the sailor and the tailor
and the lumberjacks,
And all the cooks and laundry girls;
We want the guy that dives for pearls,
The pretty maid that's making curls,
And the baker and staker and the chimney sweep;
We want the man that's slinging hash
The child that works for little cash—"

So sang Joe Hill, and so sang militant American labor with him until Nov. 19, 1915, when the IWW poet was silenced by a Utah firing squad. . . . As a reader of "Flashbacks" reminds us, J. L. Engdahl, charter member and leader of the Communist Party of the United States, died in Moscow, Nov. 21, 1932, while touring Europe in behalf of the Scottsboro Boys.

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Speak Out!

LESTER COHEN

WE ARE TOLD we must be quiet, we must not protest the murder of our race, we must not cry out against the Nazi murderers.

The limping ape tells us, the Goebbels, the minister of Nazi propaganda, the creator of race myths, the recreator of the medieval ghetto, the medieval world.

"The Jews are our hostages, given us by God" —so they have spoken, the torturers of Spain, of Czechoslovakia, of the Jews.

Hostages—500,000 hostages, imprisoned in the greatest fortress country of the modern world, 500,000 hostages to be tortured, to be ground back a thousand years, to lie broken and slain in the Nazi slaughter house.

And we are to be quiet.

The ape, the homunculus, the monster tells us —we are to be quiet.

To the Jews—no.

To all those within the realm of humanity —no.

If it is necessary that 500,000 hostages die in order that the truth be told—

Let the truth be told.

It is a solemn duty, not only to the Jews, but to all humanity.

Tell the truth—that in the fortress-country, there is a monstrosity, the greatest monstrosity since ancient Rome.

It has swallowed Austria.

Torn apart Czechoslovakia.

Bombed Spain.

And besides these crimes against the nations—

It has eaten the flesh of the Jews

And drunk the blood of the Jews

And gnawed the bones of the Jews.

Say it.

It is true.

Say it.

Say not "Hath not a Jew hands, organs, dimensions, senses?"

But say "Hath not a Nazi hands, organs, dimensions, senses?"

Examine it. Let us see.

There he stands, before history—the Caesar-Shylock, with blood on his hands, his sword in his hands, and demands his bond:

400,000,000 dollars

Silence

And the flesh of 500,000 hostages.

That is the picture. The Nazis made it. There it stands, before history.

Speak out.

Say so.

Say who can be a friend to this man?

Say who wants to be kin to this man?

Speak out.

Say so.

Do not be intimidated by the threats against the hostages. Many of the hostages will die. They are as good as dead, they are worse than dead. And he cannot kill all of them, he needs them as an excuse, they are the *Ersatz* he must feed to the German people because he is not making butter, he is making history.

And making hamburger, out of the hostages.

Say so.

Speak out.

On all his crimes,

Those now, and those to come.

Say so.

Speak out.

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The Election Results

Losses, Gains, Their Extent and Causes

EARL BROWDER

REACTIONARY circles throughout the United States are jubilant over the election results of November 8. We cannot, indeed, deny that they have reason. The Republican Party increased the number of states in its control from seven to eighteen, including Pennsylvania, Ohio, Michigan, Wisconsin, and Minnesota, and almost doubled its numbers in Congress. Unquestionably, the economic royalists who rely mainly upon the Republican Party strengthened their positions of power in the government of the country, and the positions held by the democratic masses were correspondingly weakened.

Nothing is ever gained by underestimating the effective forces of the enemy. And we must say frankly that the people suffered many defeats. But it is equally important to avoid any exaggeration of the enemy's victories, and to understand exactly how and why these things took place. And when the reactionaries hail these victories as a turn of mass sentiment against the New Deal, and against President Roosevelt, it is necessary to subject such claims to the most searching examination. If true, it would have the most far-reaching consequences. We must *know* if it is true or false.

It is my considered opinion that this claim of a turn of the tide away from Roosevelt and the New Deal is profoundly incorrect. In outlining the main reasons for this view we will also discover the answer to the problem of how to reclaim the lost positions of democracy and progress.

In most states the Republicans carefully avoided the New Deal as the central issue; indeed, they generally accepted the *objectives* of the New Deal and almost all of its established policies that are now written into law. They pictured themselves as "better New Dealers" than their opponents. They acted as if they believed the majority of the voters supported Roosevelt and the New Deal and that any head-on collision would spell certain defeat. The event confirmed this belief. Only in Pennsylvania did an openly reactionary campaign result in Republican victory. In California it carried a long-established administration down to overwhelming defeat. In New York, a "liberal" Republican face and campaign could not overcome the New Deal lead, and O'Brian's campaign against Wagner on the issue of amending the National Labor Relations Act flopped miserably, leaving O'Brian far behind his ticket.

In some states the Republicans boldly set out to outbid the New Deal. Harold E. Stassen in Minnesota almost forgot he was a Republican, and ran as the inheritor of the mantle of the late Farmer-Labor governor, Floyd B. Olson; he promised more aid and government jobs for workers and farmers than Governor Benson had provided; he promised higher old-age pensions; and he promised, also, lower taxes and a balanced budget. He promised everything to everybody. Gov. Elmer Benson looked like a staid old conservative beside him. Leverett Saltonstall in Massachusetts made the Townsend plan, which promises $200 per month old-age pensions to all over sixty years of age, one of his principal attractions. Republicans generally flirted with, where they did not endorse, the Townsend plan, and received the votes of that section of the old-age pension movement.

The Republican campaign was a flank attack against the New Deal, carefully camouflaged with demagogy and promises of all things to all men. That it deceived an important section of the voters is unquestionable, but that it registered a serious political turn of those voters is more than doubtful. All the evidence points the other way. The very nature of the Republican campaign proves that the masses demand more, not less, of governmental aid and control of economic life.

One distinct shift of voters was more conscious and fundamental. That was the desertion of Roosevelt by almost all his former upper-class supporters. The so-called upper classes went Republican *en bloc.*

They poured out campaign funds in an unprecedented stream. They even obeyed their leaders and kept their "hate Roosevelt" propaganda confined to their own clubs and parlors, so as not to alienate the masses. They practiced "fraternizing" with the Townsend leaders, and patted them on the back. They concealed their smiles at the "liberal" speeches of their candidates. They knew exactly what they wanted—power—and they were out to get it at any cost. This stratum is no loss to the New Deal, which had just as well make up its mind to kiss the upper classes goodby for good. Hoover (and Chamberlain) typifies their natural leadership.

It was among farmers and city middle classes that the Republicans registered those gains which changed defeat to victory. Even here, it was not so much that they were able to swing New Deal supporters to anti-New Deal moods and policies; it was rather that the Republicans were able to bring out the full strength they had polled in 1936, the presidential year, while the New Dealers could mobilize their full strength only among the workers, but found the farmers and middle classes more apathetic, with a distinct section, confused by demagogy and Red-baiting, inclined to ignore the elections.

It is probably no exaggeration to say that the working-class vote was stronger for the New Deal than in any previous election. This was true in spite of the damaging split of labor, which William Green tried with might and main to carry over into the elections for the benefit of the Republicans. The Republican strategy of splitting the New Deal support had less success among the workers than anywhere else. In state after state the local AFL organizations repudiated William Green's orders and went down the line in unity with Labor's Non-Partisan League. Where the split in labor's national leadership was very damaging, however, was in its effect in discouraging and alienating sections of the farmers and middle classes.

Considerable help was given the Republicans by organized splitting policies carried out among the progressive forces by the Socialist leaders and by Phil La Follette. Norman Thomas and his followers largely liquidated their own voting strength in the country, by the nature of their campaign, which was directed almost 100 percent against the New Deal; but they undoubtedly did much damage by sowing confusion and apathy among their former followers. The Old Guard Socialists in Connecticut ran up an unprecedented vote of 165,000, with the result of giving the Republican Party control of the state with only 35 percent of the total vote. The Old Guard Socialists in New York damaged the American Labor Party ticket, by splitting appeals directed against some of the most popular candidates on its ticket, denouncing them in the most approved Dies-committee style as "Communists"; but it is highly significant that the two outstanding Labor Party victories, Vito Marcantonio to Congress and Oscar Garcia-Rivera to the State Assembly, were precisely the two candidacies against which the Old Guard directed their heaviest fire. The Socialists, with their Trotskyist and Lovestoneite allies, also carried on damaging work against Governor Murphy in Michigan, as well as in other states. In California and elsewhere, Trotskyites were openly taken into the service of the anti-New Deal election campaign apparatus.

To Phil La Follette and his vest-pocket "National Progressives" must be assigned the main responsibility for Republican victories in Wisconsin and Minnesota. With his vicious attack against the New Deal, his fascist-like trimmings, and his intrigues within the Farmer-Labor Party of Minnesota (also extended into other states), he brought demoralization and feuds into the progressive camp as far as the prestige of his famous father's name could carry him.

The chief national campaign instruments of the Republicans were, strangely enough,

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directed and operated by nominal Democrats. They were the House Committee Investigating Un-American Activities, headed by Congressman Martin Dies, and the Senate Committee to Investigate Election Practices, headed by Senator Sheppard. Both these gentlemen are from Texas, and both operate under the spiritual guidance of Vice-President John N. Garner. They carried on sniping warfare against the New Deal candidates everywhere, and Martin Dies furnished the main campaign material for the Republicans in California, Minnesota, Michigan, and Ohio, and in general throughout the country. Martin Dies plastered the Communist label all over the New Deal. The fantastic irresponsibility of his "evidence" was demonstrated a few days before the election, when he produced for a second time his "star," the notorious J. B. Matthews, to tie up the Roosevelt administration with the well-known "Moscow gold" issue. Matthews had spent several days on the witness stand in August, making unlimited "disclosures" about "Communist plots." But at that time he had "forgotten" or concealed the most sensational of all. He came back on November 5, with the previously neglected item, namely, that he had been the go-between for the general secretary of the Communist Party to negotiate with Washington for "diplomatic immunity" in behalf of shipments of "Moscow gold" to the United States to finance a revolution here. Even the "exposure" of Shirley Temple was surpassed.

Treason among the nominal supporters of the New Deal, demagogy, and a false liberal face on the part of the Republicans, and the shortcomings of the practical program of the New Deal, together with the incubus of the Hagues and Curleys; plus the division in the top leadership of labor, and the splitting activities of La Follette, the Socialist leaders, and their Trotskyist and Lovestoneite allies —these were the chief factors that gave sufficient victories to the Republican Party reactionaries to offset the continuing New Deal tide among the masses of the people. And these are serious enough to demand the most thorough study and action in the progressive camp in preparation for the crucial battles of 1940.

The effects of the great betrayal of Munich upon the election results, while too intangible for immediate analysis, were doubtless a factor.

As to the Communist Party's role in the elections—that is a long story by itself. Sufficient for the moment is to note the big rise in the Communist vote (more than 100,000 for Israel Amter in New York, about 120,000 for Anita Whitney in California), and the outstanding fact that nowhere did the Communist campaign contribute to division among the progressive, democratic, and labor forces, and that everywhere the Communists were among the most energetic workers and fighters for a common front to defeat the candidates of reaction and big business.

Post-Election Roundup

On-the-Spot Analyses from Five of the Major Battlegrounds in the November 8th Voting

1: How Marcantonio Won

SASHA SMALL

New York City.

THAT favorite phrase of the political tyro, dusted off every time election day comes around, about the "Voice of the Peepul," may have fallen into disrepute, but it certainly was heard in the Twentieth Congressional District on Nov. 8, 1938. Climaxing a local campaign that contained within itself every element of what we glibly label the "world situation," it sounded an inspiring lesson for the whole country.

The geographical designation, Twentieth Congressional District, may not mean much to anyone who doesn't know it in terms of firetrap tenement houses rising row after row in grim testimony to hunger and unemployment; pale, stunted children with bright black eyes who do mischief on narrow, traffic-laden streets because they have no decent, protected playgrounds; overworked, weary women who try to feed and clothe the family on relief and WPA wages. Italians, Puerto Ricans, Irish, Negroes, Jews—70 percent of them on inadequate relief—that is the congressional district to which Vito Marcantonio never stopped being "the congressman."

The campaign to send him back to Congress, because, in Mayor LaGuardia's words, "Harlem needed him there" (the nation too) started in a bitter primary fight. The Republican Party leadership put up a candidate against him. Lanzetta, the Democratic incumbent, entered himself on the ALP slate and in retaliation Marcantonio entered the Democratic fight. The Socialist Party, in keeping with its general "line," entered Murray Gross, bolstered by a series of slanderous articles in the *New Leader* and the *Jewish Daily Forward*.

The one consistent theme of the whole opposition was Red-baiting; their official slogan: "Defeat Marcantonio, Save Harlem from Communism." Slum clearance? Government housing? Relief? Jobs for the young people? Civil rights? Adequate social security for the old? Only Marcantonio campaigned on these issues. His opponents—all of them—answered with the same old tune: "Save Harlem from Communism."

The climax of the primary fight was a batch of several thousand telegrams sent to Italian voters—in Italian—telling them to go to the polls and defeat Marcantonio. They were signed "Luigi Pasciano, vice consul." Immediate investigation—those who received them brought them right to Marcantonio—disclosed that there was no such person in the Italian consular service and protests from campaign headquarters brought indignant denials from the consulate that it might have had a hand in such a business.

Marcantonio won the American Labor Party and Republican nominations with a majority that made his opponents look a little bit sick—especially when he got 1,930 votes on the Democratic line—almost 30 percent of that vote.

The election campaign itself reeked with vilification and slander that went on all the time; pasted on the walls on posters, sent through the mails in letters, handed out on street corners in tons of leaflets. The Socialist Party joined in with a contribution in the form of a folder showing Marcantonio with one arm raised in a clenched-fist salute, captioned "Hurray for Stalin," and the other outstretched, fascist style, labeled "Viva Il Duce." It also mentioned in passing that Marcantonio did not have the backing of such labor leaders as Luigi Antonini, state chairman of the American Labor Party. The *Jewish Daily Forward* followed this up with a blacklist just before election day, leading off with the warning, "Don't vote for Vito Marcantonio, Communist, president of the Communist International Labor Defense."

But much more important is the answer of the people of Harlem. Scores of them, Italians, Puerto Ricans, Irish, Negroes, Jews, day after day and night after night reported at campaign headquarters; climbed up and down the foul and ill-lighted tenement stairs canvassing for the "congressman." They went right into those miserable slum homes and told their neighbors why a vote for Marcantonio was a vote for progress, prosperity, and democracy. A Non-Partisan Youth Committee—forty neighborhood organizations—worked with truly dynamic energy, jubilantly freed from the enervating and corrupting influence of Tammany Hall. Every progressive organization in the district campaigned.

Lanzetta and Tammany got busy. On the last night of registration week, race riots started. Italian hoodlums, armed with clubs, descended on the Puerto Rican streets. Notes were left in letter boxes reading, *"You better move out of here or else,"* signed with a skull-and-cross-bones. Fights were provoked on every corner. After one week of this unabated terror,

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Marcantonio summoned a meeting of the Harlem Legislative Conference which was attended by the representatives of every civic, fraternal, cultural, and political organization of the Puerto Rican and Italian people. Business men, civic leaders, teachers, priests—all of them testified to the fact that there was no hatred between their peoples, that their only desire was to live in peace and harmony and to work together for the betterment of all. A delegation was elected to go with Marcantonio to report to Mayor LaGuardia and to request his intercession.

Lanzetta was in the hall. Marcantonio invited him to come to the platform. All he had to say was, why make a fuss about some tough kids fighting; it will die down; let's forget it. The riots stopped after the delegation saw the mayor.

And every night throughout the campaign, the progressive candidates for the State Assembly, Marcantonio, Joe Boccia, and Oscar Garcia Rivera (they were elected, too), representatives of the organizations of the people, spoke at meeting after meeting, on corner after corner—seven, eight, nine, in one night. And the people listened while Marcantonio told them how when he was a kid on 116th Street, the East River with all its filth and refuse and disease was the only place they could swim in; how, now that the river had been cleaned up by government projects so that "even the fish could live in it," his Charlie McCarthy opponent was ready to promote private building on its shores—Tudor Cities, $30 a room. Marcantonio told them he was for government housing, and what it would mean. Their eyes lit up with the promise of light and air at rents they could pay.

During the last two weeks of the campaign, Marcantonio spoke from the top of a bus, so that the crowds could see him. From the audience a ventriloquist dressed as Tammany Hall would join him, carrying a big bundle.

"Where's your candidate, Jimmy-Next-Week Lanzetta?" Marcantonio would ask.

"Oh, he's in the bag," came the ready reply.

"Well, take him out and ask him where he stands on slum clearance and adequate relief and jobs for the young people."

Out came the dummy asking "What do I say now?" The ventriloquist whispered in his ear and the dummy squeaked, "Save Harlem from Communism."

They laughed, the Italians and the Puerto Ricans and the Irish and the Negroes and the Jews—laughed and remembered.

On the night before election day came the windup rally on the "lucky corner." It was a beautiful night, warm, full moon. On the corner of 116th Street and Lexington Avenue stood a platform backed by a huge electric sign reading "HARLEM LAGUARDIA LUCKY CORNER, Marcantonio and Boccia." Upon it were seated the representatives of Harlem's organizations, between the stars-and-stripes and the Italian flag. From the fire escapes and rooftops, mothers and fathers and babies listened. From the sidewalks, curbs, and roadways more than ten thousand beaming constituents looked up at the speakers. Suddenly, while Marcantonio was speaking, a parade came over the hill from the west side, massed American and Puerto Rican flags flying at the head of three thousand cheering Puerto Rican voters. Then the mayor spoke—at length—about why he thought "my son, Vito" ought to be elected and why Mussolini and fascism were the enemies of "his neighbors" in the Twentieth Congressional District.

Lanzetta tried to speak that same night on the corner of 111th Street and Madison Avenue, Puerto Rican territory. For half an hour he stood stolidly waiting for the booing and the cries of "fascisti" to die down. Then he gave up and went home.

On Tuesday, November 8, all day long, from 6 o'clock in the morning until 6 o'clock in the afternoon, though many of them had to stand for an hour in the rain to get into the crowded polling places, the people voted. No trouble, no disorders, and, at any sign of it, watchers and committeemen there on the spot to know the reason why. The members of the ILD legal staff assigned to duty had nothing to do but wait for the results.

One hour and a half after the polls closed a parade marched down 116th Street with a coffin marked "Lanzetta." By a plurality of almost seven thousand votes, the biggest in the history of that district, the people of Harlem spoke.

We of the ILD always knew that the president of our organization was a defender of liberty and justice, a fighter for progress and democracy, a fearless progressive whose voice was raised for labor's rights, for the rights of the people on the floor of Congress. But it was not until I saw the faces of ten thousand triumphant voters standing in a steady downpour in front of the Mayor LaGuardia Club on 116th Street at 9:30 on election night, smiling up at their champion speaking to them from the first-story window, in Italian, thanking them for their confidence, assuring them that he would do everything to deserve it in Washington, that I realized what he means to them. The Red-baiting had failed, the attempts to divide them had failed. The determination of united forces for progress and democracy as represented in their spokesman, Vito Marcantonio, won.

2: Pennsylvania's Lesson

EARL McCOY

Philadelphia.

PENNSYLVANIA'S keystone is a symbol of unity. It was not in its proper place on election day, and the triumphant arch which labor, progressiveism, and democracy had erected in this state collapsed, after four heroic years. Reaction won.

Judge Arthur H. James, who wears button shoes, campaigns in a miner's hat, and has had himself certified by a notary public as a genuine ex-breaker boy, was elected governor over Charles Alvin Jones, liberal lawyer. Sen. James J. Davis, tory hack, was sent back to Washington for six more years, defeating his Democratic rival, Gov. George H. Earle. The James plurality was just under 300,000 votes in a total of 3,800,000 cast. Davis won by 400,000 votes.

James and Davis won although they were the open candidates of a Republican hierarchy consisting of Ernest T. Weir, steel magnate; Joseph N. Pew, Jr., shipping tycoon; M. L. Annenberg, anti-New Deal publisher of the Philadelphia *Inquirer;* Joseph R. Grundy, father of the high tariff; and Jay Cooke, of the famous banking clan.

They won because the Democratic Party was split, labor was split, the huge farm vote was split, and the state's 200,000 Negro voters were split. The Republicans capitalized on these differences, and on the feeling among progressive elements that the "Little New Deal" at Harrisburg was not new enough; did not go far enough.

The dissension within the Democratic Party arose from the fact that Governor Earle's administration, taking over Capitol Hill after a solid half-century of Republican occupation, had become tinged with bossism. It extended favors to its financial supporters. It refused to give adequate representation to the forces of labor and progressiveism which had enabled it to sweep the state in 1934.

The political favors led to wholesale charges of graft and corruption, made by Democrats themselves, and finally to a Grand Jury investigation and a legislative counter-investigation. The horrendous things said at this twin orgy of sensationalism—the Republicans control 90 percent of the state's press—alienated the large rural and independent vote. The same charges against the Republicans would have meant nothing; they had been doing that sort of thing for fifty years. But liberal Pennsylvanians thought their New Deal was different.

The growing conservatism of the party bosses led to an insurgent labor-progressive movement. A labor ticket sought the Democratic nominations. It was beaten by a mere sixty thousand votes in a total of 1,300,000. Tom Kennedy, CIO stalwart, seeking the gubernatorial designation, polled 518,000 votes. But even this failed to sway the party leaders. After the bitterest Democratic primary in history they made peace on their own terms. Thousands of Kennedy supporters, left out in the cold, voted Republican.

In addition, the American Federation of Labor nabob, William Green, although repudiated by the State Federation of Labor,

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advocated the election of Davis, and many loyal craft-unionists voted Republican. Green was the first to chortle at the Republican victory.

The state's farmers, already dissatisfied with the New Deal because of the inadequacy of the Wallace farm program, became more so when the graft charges continued to be hurled. Many of the state's Negroes, especially hard hit by the economic crisis, were led back to Republicanism by Robert L. Vann, Pittsburgh Negro publisher.

Although political and labor unity was maintained in the two great industrial cities, Philadelphia and Pittsburgh, the upstate vote carried the Republicans to victory. Allegheny County, where Pittsburgh is situated, went Democratic by 35,000 votes. Philadelphia was Republican by a trifling fourteen thousand votes, but the Democrats actually made gains over the 1934 election, when the Republican majority was twenty thousand.

In their sweep the Republicans regained control of the congressional delegation and of the lower house of the Legislature. But in Philadelphia, where unity was maintained, five of the seven congressmen elected were Democrats, and so were twenty-five of the forty-one legislators. Thirteen of the seventeen legislators elected in Allegheny County were Democrats.

The lesson of unity is an old one, and has been taught before. If there is any consolation in Pennsylvania, it is that the lesson will not have to be repeated very often before it is learned.

3: La Follette's Debacle

HAROLD DOUGLAS

Madison, Wisc.

LARGELY as a consequence of Gov. Phil La Follette's splitting venture into national politics with his National Progressives of America, the Republicans took command of the Wisconsin state administration, legislature, and the delegation to Capitol Hill. Not even the regimes of Philip of pre-Roosevelt days, and Kohler, in 1929-30, saw so many Republicans in the state apparatus. Almost complete returns gave industrialist Julius P. Heil 528,975 votes against 336,202 for Phil La Follette and a mere 73,605 for reactionary Democrat Harry Bolens. Only a little less sweeping was the victory of Republican Alec Wiley, candidate for United States senator, over Progressive Ekern and New Dealer Ryan Duffy.

The campaign was marked by a failure on La Follette's part to face the issues squarely. It was the reactionaries who held the offensive, based on wild spending and streamlined demagogy. Wisconsin progressives generally did not take the Republican threat seriously. Only the Wisconsin Communist Party kept hammering away throughout this campaign on the very real danger of a reactionary victory.

The NPA, launched last April by La Follette, opened the way for the Republican steamroller this November. Started as a movement with a vague, demagogic program directed first of all against Roosevelt's New Deal and making little distinction between Republicans and Democrats nationally, the NPA undoubtedly helped the success of the coalition maneuver of Wisconsin Republicans and reactionary Democrats.

Robert K. Henry, Democrat, running in the primaries on both Democratic and Republican tickets, won handily in the Democratic column, but withdrew and threw his support to Heil, the Republican lead-off man. State Senator Bolens was then selected by the Democratic Committee to fill the gap, but he carried on a quiet campaign, directing what little fire he showed against La Follette.

La Follette's following did not show the same enthusiasm that marked previous Progressive campaigns. Unable to allay mounting dissatisfaction among farmers, caused by low milk prices, La Follette took a beating in farm areas that were formerly Progressive strongholds. The extent of the disillusionment in Progressive ranks is clearly indicated by William Evjue, editor of the influential Progressive paper, the Madison *Capital Times,* Thursday, November 10:

> The *Capital Times* also believes that Governor La Follette's attempt to organize a new party was a major factor in Tuesday's result. This venture on the part of the governor alienated thousands of Roosevelt liberals and left thousands of Progressives lukewarm. . . .
>
> Thousands of Progressives were stunned when they saw the Hitler trappings with which Phil invested his new movement and they were astounded when they saw the imitation of the swastika which was to be the emblem of the new party.
>
> The manner in which Phil developed the NPA gave validity to the charge of his enemies that the governor was developing a dictator mentality. . . .
>
> All this was translated into the indifference, resentment, and soreness *within* the Progressive movement which left this campaign without the customary spark of a Progressive battle. . . .

The lamentable NPA venture, throwing the Progressives out of gear with the main movement of liberalism throughout the nation, had internal state consequences as well. La Follette was led into courting the wealthier circles of the Wisconsin middle-class farmers and business men for support for the NPA. This dabbling in the muddy waters of quasi-fascism left him in no position to meet the Republican assault with a plain, outspoken affirmation of real Progressiveism based on unity of the farmers, the middle classes, and labor.

The lack of an aggressive stand based squarely on the real issues left the Progressives virtually helples in the face of the Republican smear campaign. The Republicans effectively exploited La Follette's use of state franking rights in letters to the aged on pensions, and were able to drum up the old hostility toward the "ins" and sympathy for the "outs."

Wiley received 427,000 votes against Ekern's 240,000 and Duffy's 218,000. The fact that Duffy's vote was lower than Ekern's can be largely ascribed to the coalition maneuver of Henry and the deliberately weak campaign of Bolens, an anti-New Dealer. Duffy's and Ekern's vote together, not to speak of the magnetic power of a unified Progressive-New Deal campaign, would assuredly have blocked Wiley's entrance into the Senate.

Undoubtedly the same factors which enabled Republicans to gain power in other states played a role in Wisconsin. Only unity of liberal, progressive elements on a carefully worked out program can thwart the threat of reaction. The mistakes of La Follette show us what must not be done. Almost the *reductio ad absurdum* of La Follette's line comes after the election with his announcement that the NPA is needed more than ever today to fight against "two national parties equally reactionary" *(sic)!*

4: Watch California

AL RICHMOND

San Francisco.

ANYONE with a yen for political pyrotechnics had better keep his eye on California. In the wake of the New Deal election sweep will come an "era of good feeling" which for acrimony and bitterness will make the corresponding period after the Roosevelt 1936 landslide look like a Democratic harmony dinner.

In the first place, the scope of the victory was not expected by the reactionaries. This was particularly so on the anti-labor Initiative Proposition 1, which would have outlawed the labor movement. As late as election day, prevailing odds were quoted at two-to-one favoring its passage, and there was plenty of money in sight. There was also the hope that Ellis E. Patterson, the most outspoken progressive on the Democratic ticket, would be defeated in his race for lieutenant-governor. Reaction attempted to crucify Patterson be-

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cause he had defended sitdown strikes and had greeted the launching of the *People's World,* a left-wing daily paper. Patterson was swept in by the Democratic landslide although he trailed Gov.-elect Culbert L. Olson and United States Sen.-elect Sheridan Downey.

The big showdown for the first Democratic state administration in forty years will come when it tackles the unofficial semi-fascist dictatorship established in California's rural communities by the Associated Farmers, Inc. In California's largest industry, agriculture, controlled by the state's most important capitalists, a vigilante reign exists which tolerates neither unionism nor any liberal expression.

Heartening Governor-elect Olson in the impending battle with Associated Farmers, Inc., is the fact that the rural communities joined in the New Deal landslide. Despite predictions, the farm regions voted for New Dealer Downey as against Republican Philip Bancroft, a phony farmer and an Associated Farmers leader.

Even more important as far as the rural vote is concerned was the fact that the anti-labor initiative failed to receive a majority there.

The election battle was marked by Red-baiting which, although not quite as lurid and extensive in scope as that in the 1934 Upton Sinclair campaign, was more insidious. Prize Red-baiting stunt was the sending of Harper Knowles, Associated Farmers secretary, to Washington to tell the Dies committee and the nation's press that the Democratic candidates were either Communists (Patterson) or under the direction of Communists (Downey and Olson). The vote, of course, was a severe repudiation of this Red-baiting.

Most complicating factor of the campaign was the "ham and eggs" $30-Every-Thursday pension plan. Its importance can be gauged by the close to 900,000 votes it received even though it went down to defeat.

The Republicans tried their damnedest to reduce the campaign to that sole issue. The press continually referred to the Democratic ticket as the ham-and-eggs ticket. Thousands of dollars was spent in ridiculing the plan, not only with its defeat in mind, but also with the aim of smearing the New Deal ticket with reflected ridicule.

Fortunately, the progressives did two things:

1. They did not alienate the million pension followers. (A million persons can't be crackpots, NEW MASSES cartoonists to the contrary.)

2. Although Downey had endorsed the plan, they frustrated Republican strategy to make "ham and eggs" *the* issue, and fought it out along progress-versus-reaction lines. Downey was elected not so much because he endorsed the plan as because he was a thoroughgoing liberal and New Dealer.

Fortunately, also, the leaders of the pension movement did not follow the sad path of Dr. Francis Townsend, and realized that any mass movement for social security, if it wished to endure, would have to tie up with the progressive forces.

The decisive factor in the New Deal victory was the unity of the labor movement. In spite of William Green's endorsement of Republican Gov. Frank F. Merriam, labor in this state, including some of the most conservative sections, united around Olson. Aiding this unity was the threat of the anti-labor initiative. None of the Republican candidates would take a public stand on that issue whereas every one of the Democrats campaigned against it.

What next?

1. Thomas J. Mooney will be a free man on January 4.

2. A genuine social-securi
have to be launched. The 9(
eggs" votes cannot be ignor

3. There will be a battle
ism and for restoration of Am
tional democracy in the state.

4. There will be a "purge
corrupt and subservient app
country.

5. There will be a wide pro
for self-aid cooperatives. Tl
few prospects. Just how far tl
go depends upon the unificatio
forces in the campaign—labo
movement, and the farmers.

But it will be one of the t
in the country.

5: Mistakes in Michigan

ARTHUR CLIFFORD

Detroit.

WHEN a mistake is committed once, it can be laid to inexperience. That was the verdict after the defeat of the Labor ticket in the Detroit municipal election of 1937. But when the same mistake is repeated, and not merely repeated but aggravated, the cause for it must be sought deeper.

Treachery defeated Governor Murphy of Michigan. He was waylaid in the shadow of his own house, and slugged—*by members of his own political family.*

The gravest mistake of the recent Michigan election, as of its predecessor, was the failure to bring forward the standard-bearer of progress and the New Deal as the *people's* candidate. To be sure, there was a general slogan to that effect; but the slogan was never projected in the marrow of the campaign. Governor Murphy tried to do this in his speeches, but speeches alone don't win an election. The Murphy campaign was under wraps.

There was a conspiracy on the part of the Garnercrats and even some within the ranks of labor to make Murphy simply the labor candidate. The dominating issue of the election was his handling of the sitdown strikes. To some extent this could not be avoided, since the issue was raised by the Republicans. It was necessary that the Murphy labor policies be justified.

It was neither necessary nor advisable that these policies—standing alone—should be the sole basis for choosing between Frank Murphy and his victorious Republican opponent, Frank D. Fitzgerald. Yet that is exactly what it became. Clever Republican demagogy, aided and abetted by the determination of Murphy's running mates to rid the party of his leadership, convinced a majority of the people of Michigan that the election was purely and simply a plebiscite on the sitdown strikes.

On his record alone, Murphy stood to win reelection. Since Fitzgerald had preceded him as governor, there was a basis fo
between them. It was all in favor
He had, by numerous measure
purchasing power, given the farm
dle class generally a feeling of s
as they had not possessed in ye
folks, the teachers, the unemplo
course, labor all were better off un
than they had been under Fitzge
clearly an open-and-shut case.

Nevertheless, step by step, the
proceeded to throw this advantage
began by conceding the farm vot
of the small townspeople. Before t
grew warm they freely gave F
plurality in the outstate returns,
to make it up in Detroit and Wayn
There was no concerted attempt
these outstate votes. They did not
in the country papers; they made
to the farmers. They simply assume
cause Michigan farmers had been I
in the past, so would they be this ti

Issues of broad appeal to the pe
concerning security and prospe
pushed into the background. Even
of thousands to work in the auto
windfall to the Democrats if there
one—was completely ignored! No
Fitzgerald called this "the most unu
paign in the annals of our state!"

Attempts will be made to inte
Michigan setback as a rebuke
Deal. They won't hold water.
Murphy is the nation's numbe
Dealer, yet the New Deal was n
in Michigan. It was not permitte
Murphy was under wraps, and the N
with him. An infamous coalition of
cans and anti-New Deal Democrats
to confine the question to that of l
the sitdown strikes—succeeded in kee
there.

It will hardly happen again.

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A. Birnbaum.

"THAT'S OUR PAL!"

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NEW MASSES

ESTABLISHED 1911

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Reign of Terror

THE conscience of mankind has been profoundly stirred by the persecution of the Jews in Germany. The officially inspired pogroms have been carried out with a systematic and unabashed brutality which must shock the most complacent observer into a state of inexpressible horror and indignation. Hitler has robbed even the reactionaries of any apology for the Nazi reign of terror, and it is significant that his confidential adviser, Mr. Chamberlain, has been forced to postpone his weekly appeasement quota. A wave of revulsion has swept over the civilized world. For who can contemplate the fate of half a million human beings, driven, tortured, terrorized, and slain, without loathing for the barbarous persecutors, without the determination to oppose with every ounce of strength this appalling crime against humanity?

Words cannot do justice to the event. Using the flimsiest of pretexts, the Nazis encouraged hoodlums and forced unwilling bystanders to loot Jewish stores, to burn synagogues in Germany and Austria, to attack Jewish men and women. Not only did the police stand idle; they actually supervised the "orderly" destruction of Jewish lives and property. And the Jews were ordered to recompense the government for the damage which the government had done to Jewish property. Jews were ordered to raise one billion marks for the benefit of their oppressor. They were forbidden to enter theaters, movies, museums, restaurants, and other public places. They were forbidden even to buy food. Jews were violently thrown out of every German university. New plans were laid for a Nazi ghetto.

But this was not all. Catholics were next in line of attack. The house of Cardinal Faulhaber was stormed by Nazi vandals. Threats against the church showed very clearly that the fascist monster would gulp down his maw any group or institution which refused to commit suicide in public. Never in history was there such a display of nationally enforced immorality.

Nothing decent remained untouched in this orgy of fanatical hatred. The people of the United States were reviled in the Nazi press; the British opposition to Chamberlain was unscrupulously attacked.

Several conclusions are inescapable. In the first place, it is clear that Hitler has been encouraged by Munich to go the whole hog. When Chamberlain and Daladier so generously "conceded" Czechoslovakia to Germany, they released the trigger spring of racial hate. Had obstacles been placed in Hitler's way at Munich, he would not have dared to pounce upon the Jews quite so openly and ruthlessly. Chamberlain and Daladier, false representatives of the democracies, are jointly responsible with Hitler for the pogroms of last week. For in the end, every encouragement to Hitler on an international scale is a signal for the intensification of his domestic policies.

It is true, furthermore, that Germany needs money, and she needs money desperately. The myth that Germany was prepared to go to war two months ago should be dispelled by the billion-mark "fine" which the government has imposed on the Jews. It is clear that one of the basic purposes of the new racial campaign was to extort money from the victims of the German economy in order to make that economy work for a while longer. The "fine" was not simply a moral punishment by any means.

Finally everybody should be able to see by now that there is actually no limit to fascist degradation. Fascism cannot be appeased. It is utterly incapable of humane action, and it will not respond to any bribe short of self-effacement on the part of the briber. The Nazis have warned the Jews of the world not to protest against fascist atrocities; they threaten to intensify their attacks on German Jews, if "outsiders" resist fascism. But the Jews of the world know by now that Hitler is not to be bribed by silence, no more than he can be bribed by Austria or Czechoslovakia. The only language he can understand is the language of active opposition; the only action which will stop him is the action of positive resistance.

That is why we urge upon all our readers to wire President Roosevelt and the State Department, commending the recall of Ambassador Wilson from Berlin. This official protest on behalf of the United States government should be followed up by an active embargo on German goods—under Section 338 of the Tariff Law, the President can declare such an embargo without waiting for action by Congress. Stop trade with Germany until Germany stops persecuting the Jews!

For such action there is more than enough popular support. In the past few days, every outstanding religious association, trade union, public figure, and newspaper has sounded an emphatic note of protest against the pogroms. Catholics, Protestants, and Jews; Republicans and Democrats; conservative and liberal newspapers; the AFL and the CIO; the Board of Estimate of New York City—the overwhelming mass of American opinion has already been mobilized in favor of such action.

For such action there is also historical precedent. In 1904, President Theodore Roosevelt sent a vigorous protest to the czarist government against the Kishinev massacres. The protest was followed by a cancellation of trade relations.

The world must not let Hitler get away with this. He has gotten away with too much already. Unless we as a people act now, unless we act vigorously and effectively, we shall indirectly encourage the violation of every ideal for which we on this continent have struggled for centuries.

The CIO for Unity

ONE cannot read the news reports of the CIO convention in Pittsburgh without realizing that a new, vital, creative force has emerged in our country. That force is regenerating a trade-union movement which for years was operated as a private business enterprise by a handful of privileged "stockholders" who opposed all progress and change. It is providing the sinews of a renascent democracy and helping to bind together our entire people against the reactionary threat to their liberties.

In the midst of economic crisis the CIO has continued to grow. Its membership is now 4,037,877, as compared with 3,718,000 in October 1937. And John L. Lewis, in his opening address to the delegates, had reason to point with pride to the fact that the Pittsburgh area, where the convention is being held, which formerly was "the citadel of labor exploitation," had become the most completely organized industrial area in the country. "What the American Federation of Labor could not do in fifty-four years of agitation, the Committee for Industrial Organization has done in less than three years."

Developments at the convention so far serve to confirm our belief that, far from deepening the cleavage in labor's ranks, it will provide a real impetus to labor unity. In no respect is the contrast between this convention and that of the AFL at Houston last month sharper than in the attitude to-

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ward this basic question. At the AFL convention President Roosevelt's letter asking that no obstacles be placed in the way of reuniting the trade-union movement was practically ignored. On the contrary, President Green, prompted by Messrs. Woll and Frey, lost no opportunity to deliver tirades against the CIO until brought to a halt by Daniel Tobin, president of the International Brotherhood of Teamsters.

The keynote of the CIO convention, on the other hand, was struck by the report of John L. Lewis, which declared:

> We consider that even the most justified resentment at the abuse and calumny heaped upon our movement should not be allowed to stand in the way of so important a goal as unity without sacrifice of industrial organization, which is the desire of the vast majority of the organized workers in both the CIO and AFL.

The reading of President Roosevelt's letter urging that "every possible door to access to peace and progress in the affairs of organized labor in the United States be left open" was greeted with tumultuous applause and the message was referred to the committee on officers' reports, for action.

The CIO convention is thus already refuting the contention of the leadership of the International Ladies Garment Workers that it will sharpen the division in the labor movement. We feel confident that before the convention is over, it will take constructive steps toward unifying the forces of labor. This is essential for the creation of an enduring alliance with the farmers and city middle classes, that alone can safeguard democracy and peace.

Mexican Land Agreement

THE land agreement reached by Mexico and the United States gives neither nation all that it wanted and yet both have reason for satisfaction. Mexico seems to be pleased because hostile pressure by the State Department should now be relaxed and normal trade relations should follow. Since the United States plays such an enormous role in Mexican economy and trade, the restoration of good relations is of maximum importance to any existing regime below the Rio Grande, and that applies doubly for a progressive regime like the present. The entire Mexican case was based on the right to defer payments for the expropriated land; never was it implied that Mexico had no intention of paying at all. That principle has now been accepted by the United States because the agreement provides for the payment of $1,000,000 each year until all claims are satisfied.

It would be a mistake to herald the agreement as anything like a Mexican triumph. The fact remains that foreign creditors will take precedence over Mexican landlords; this exceptional treatment for foreigners may hold future dangers. The oil imperialists will sooner or later make demands similar to the land imperialists', though nothing is said of them in the agreement. Indeed, the Mexican note specifically states that the land agreement "shall not constitute a precedent, in any case or for any reason." But the oil demands are coming and the same principles are involved.

It is very likely that the coming Pan-American Conference at Lima on December 9 had much to do with the success of the land negotiations. President Roosevelt has appointed a very strong delegation, and the State Department has made elaborate preparations for that conference. It was advisable to settle the outstanding difference between the United States and a Latin-American country before December 9 and that has now been done. The good-neighbor policy has been advanced but its future requires just as much watching as its past.

The Nobel Prize

WHEN Pearl Buck learned that she had been awarded the Nobel prize for literature, she expressed great surprise. We share her amazement. It is true that Mrs. Buck has a considerable reputation abroad. It is true that her sympathetic works on China have particular significance at the present moment. But her contribution to literature is as yet a relatively minor one, and it is not difficult to think of other writers, both here and in other countries, whose work long ago merited the Nobel prize. Mrs. Buck mentioned Theodore Dreiser as a worthier choice. We might add Upton Sinclair, who has for years been more widely read abroad than any other American writer. We congratulate Mrs. Buck upon her award, and we look forward to a Nobel committee which will honor a Malraux or a Sholokhov next time.

Uniting the Progressives

THE post-election conferences which Mayor LaGuardia has initiated with leading progressives have everything to commend them. They are motivated by a sober realization that the reactionaries have made important gains and that liberals must work more closely and effectively together if they are to keep the country moving on the path of progress. After summing up the outcome of the elections, Mayor LaGuardia said in an interview with the press:

> That means but one thing—that the progressive forces in this country have got to get together. It also means that labor must adjust its differences, and it also means that there must be a well defined, clear, concise progressive program.

This is sound sense and good politics as well. Mayor LaGuardia has already conferred with Governor Murphy of Michigan and Senator Bulkley of Ohio, and is reported to be planning talks with other progressive leaders. His realistic outlook contrasts sharply with the attitude adopted by Gov. Phil La Follette. Having achieved his own defeat by dividing the liberal forces in Wisconsin through the launching of his demagogic National Progressives and his refusal to collaborate with the New Deal, La Follette has announced his intention of continuing on this suicidal course. Fortunately, the leading progressives in the country show no disposition to follow him. John L. Lewis also demonstrated his understanding of the situation when he declared:

> I think, on the whole, the general election indicates substantially the need for greater cooperation and a more practical concert of action of the liberal forces in our country.

If the CIO convention and the conferences which Mayor LaGuardia is holding both further that end, they will be doing a great service to the American people.

Note for Archbishop Mooney

ONE wonders when the Catholic hierarchy is going to do something about Father Coughlin's anti-Semitic activities. Certainly there is no greater menace to the liberties of the twenty million Catholics in the United States than the fomenting of racial and religious hatred. Nazi Germany has proved that to the hilt and it is further confirmed by our own experience with such organizations as the Ku Klux Klan and the Black Legion. Yet each new issue of Father Coughlin's Weekly, *Social Justice,* heaps new abuse on the Jews.

An example of the ethical plane on which Father Coughlin is conducting his anti-Semitic campaign is furnished by the November 7 issue of *Social Justice.* An article called "A South American Invasion is a Myth" (page Herbert Hoover!), after repeated insinuations concerning "Jewish international bankers," presents as evidence of the real danger to South America an alleged statement from a column by Dr. S. Margoshes in the October 17 issue of the *National Jewish Daily.* This statement announces that the "Nai Juda movement" is organizing "a Jewish army of soldier-settlers for service in a new independent Jewish State within the American hemisphere." Investigation discloses that this statement, though it has been doctored a bit, is substantially the same as one which appeared in the English column of Dr. Margoshes in the October 17 issue of the Jewish *Day.*

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But it was not written by Dr. Margoshes. It was taken from a leaflet issued by a man who is either a crackpot or a Jewish fascist —in other words, a political bedfellow of Father Coughlin. And Dr. Margoshes merely quoted it and then devoted the rest of his column to arguing against it.

Father Coughlin is listed in *Social Justice* as "editorial counsel (by permission of his ecclesiastical superior)." His ecclesiastical superior is Archbishop Edward Mooney of Detroit. When Coughlin more than a year ago made an insulting attack on President Roosevelt, he drew a sharp rebuke from Archbishop Mooney. When he denounced the CIO as Communistic, he again was reprimanded. Is Coughlin's scurrilous Jew-baiting less reprehensible, less worthy of condemnation? Can it be reconciled with the Pope's recent utterances against racism and with the interests of the Catholic population of the United States? How long will the superiors of this Ku Kluxer in a priest's cassock permit him to sow a wind from which the Catholic Church itself will reap the whirlwind?

FTP Is Three

THREE years ago this week a play called *Walk Together, Chillun'* was produced in New York City by a new angel named the Federal Theatre's Negro Theatre Unit, a backer sometimes called Uncle Sam. Your Uncle has done many a play since then, some phenomenal successes like *Haiti, Prologue to Glory,* and the trenchant Living Newspaper drama . . . *one third of a nation* . . . some experimental plays that made national reputations for young men like Orson Welles and John Houseman, and hundreds of marionette, Caravan Theatre, and Gilbert and Sullivan operettas, that toured less conspicuously but no less effectively in the neighborhoods of Manhattan. Thousands of unemployed actors, directors, stagehands, scenic and costume designers, dancers, all of the vocational categories of the exciting thing called theater, have participated in the career of the Federal Theatre Project.

The trend-senser is quick to see in the FTP the concrete basis for a conscious democratic culture in America. Despite the howls of the tory press, the Federal Theatre is this fact to the people of New York—their own theater, priced right for light pay-envelopes, speaking of human rights in drama, and employing theater artists from among the people. But we didn't get and can't keep it without smacking down the big-money mob who are trying to ruin it. The project must be made permanent within provisions to be introduced in the next Congress; only a permanent Bureau of Fine Arts will assure this theater for Americans. In the meantime we hope the third-birthday candles of the FTP will put a deep, dark singe in the pants of reaction.

Voices for Spain

THE popular movement for the repeal of the embargo against Spain is taking on real momentum. Ninety-four leading Americans addressed an appeal to President Roosevelt last week which was notable for two things. It was so worded that it made the main issues clear without getting bogged down on those things which tend to divide us. The main issue, in the words of the appeal, is that our present embargo against the Spanish republic confers "increased power and prestige upon the opponents of democracy and thus menaces the peace and freedom, not only of Europe but of the entire world." As a result of this clarity, the list of signers is truly the most representative and the most distinguished ever obtained for a similar cause. It is invidious to single out any specific names for special mention but the President and Congress should certainly pay special heed to any appeal which unites Mrs. Louis D. Brandeis, Dean Christian Gauss of Princeton, Dr. Edgar DeWitt Jones of the Federal Council of Churches of Christ in America, Prof. Robert S. Millikan, and many others seldom heard so publicly.

More Purchasing Power

IN AN article elsewhere in this issue, John Strachey has raised an important question: How can the progressive movement best work towards increasing the purchasing power of the great masses of the people within the framework of the present system? This is the central problem of our day. The answer will to a large degree shape the immediate future of the country.

The American people have shown their increasing awareness of this problem by their support of the New Deal and by the eagerness with which many of them have flocked to the various panacea movements which have swept the country. No one can dismiss the needs which cause millions of workers, farmers, and middle-class people to support diverse plans for redistributing the wealth, providing adequate pensions for old people and jobs for the unemployed. On this point we are in entire agreement with Mr. Strachey. NEW MASSES has supported the realistic position of the Communist Party which has sought to establish the closest relations with the rank-and-file advocates of the Townsend plan, the California "ham and eggs" plan, and similar movements, and to assist them in their struggle for more generous pensions, while at the same time criticizing their socially reactionary and Utopian proposals for the financing of these benefits.

In working toward increasing the people's purchasing power there must, however, be the greatest clarity among progressives with respect to the proper means for attaining that goal. Otherwise these movements of popular revolt will be led to disaster. And no proposal is more dangerous than the various "easy money" schemes, whether they advocate starting the printing press or more disguised forms of inflation. This country has had considerable experience with progressive movements which crashed because of obsession with alleged monetary solutions of the evils of capitalism. If we are to avoid repetitions of these debacles, we must do our utmost to keep the forces of progress from being derailed by monetary cure-alls. Marxists can do no greater disservice than tacitly or otherwise to approve inflationary nostrums which will be harmful to the 90 percent who need greater purchasing power.

It is for this reason that we disagree sharply with the proposal which Mr. Strachey makes in his article and in his new book, *Hope in America,* to "create money" as the best way of expanding purchasing power. Though he avoids the term "inflation," his proposal is nothing but that. It is significant that Mr. Strachey nowhere in his article or in his book mentions the primary result of inflation: a rise in living costs. While we do not raise the bogy of an immediate runaway inflation, past events have demonstrated that inflation, whether achieved by issuing new currency or by devaluing the dollar, leads to a rise in prices. This means a sweeping, indirect wage-cut for the workers. While the increase in prices may temporarily relieve the debt-ridden farmers and middle classes, ultimately this relief proves illusory, for monopoly industrial prices outstrip farm prices and reduce the real income of the small business and professional man.

Further proof of a practical kind has been offered by the New Deal. From 1933 to 1935 the first New Deal adopted an inflationary course, abandoning the gold standard and devaluing the dollar. The result was a great increase in monopoly profits and a reduction in real wages of 6 percent, according to the Brookings Institution's authoritative study, *The National Recovery Administration.* From 1935 to 1937 real wages rose, not via the "creation of money," but as a result of the campaigns and strikes conducted by the trade unions, especially those of the CIO, which won wage increases.

Since Mr. Strachey has written his article to "provide a basis for fruitful controversy," NEW MASSES will welcome comment from its readers. In an early issue we also hope to publish an article discussing in greater detail the problem which he raises.

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Is There Hope in America?

"Giving People the Money"

JOHN STRACHEY

THE function of the propagandist is to teach; but an indispensable part of that function is to learn. We have much to teach the masses, but we have at least as much to learn from them.

This familiar platitude is evoked by reflection upon an issue which I, revisiting America in 1938, feel likely to become of paramount importance in the coming years. If one must try to put that issue into a sentence one must say something like this—"Can, or cannot, the American people make their next step forward in their struggle for economic and political emancipation by demanding that distributions of purchasing power should be made to them by the federal government on a scale sufficient both to secure them a decent standard of life and to generate a sufficient demand for consumers' goods to keep them in employment?"

I suspect that the fate of the whole popular movement in America will depend on how it answers this question.

The issue has been brought up by the review of my recent book, *Hope in America,* which appeared in NEW MASSES of November 8. I will not pretend for a moment that I was not as bitterly disappointed by that review as is every author, whatever he may pretend, by any unfavorable review of any of his books. The purpose of this article, however, is to discuss not that review itself, but the above crucial issue of economic theory and political practice. For whatever defects I, as a thoroughly prejudiced party, may feel Bruce Minton's review to have had, it certainly had the very great merit of bringing this issue sharply before us. And yet, unless we drag the question still further into the light, there may still be readers of NEW MASSES who will not face it in its full theoretical and practical importance.

As I read Minton's review, I was struck by a certain disproportion between the strength of his dislike of my book and the criticisms which he was making of it. He began by telling us that the book was not as good as the pamphlets of Paine, Marx, and Lenin. That is very true, but not, if I may say so, very new. He then devoted a lengthy passage to the point that a sub-head which read "America Is Anti-Imperialist" should have read "The American People Are Anti-Imperialist." Here again was a sound point. And, unlike his first point, it can be and shall be remedied in future editions. But it was hard to understand why Minton considered it worthwhile dilating upon, in itself. Surely, I reflected, there must be some big issue behind these minor points—some issue upon which Minton believes that the book has gone seriously astray. In the second half of the review, it transpires what this underlying issue is. We get the first hint of it in a comment on a passage in which I wrote that America "seems to have her feet planted more or less firmly upon a road which leads to solving the problem by means of making her own population the ultimate market for her goods." "Aside," Minton comments, "from the obvious distortion of the last phrase . . ."

The distortion of the last phrase may be obvious to Minton, but it is certainly not obvious to me. I meant precisely what I said. I do believe that the only progressive solution to the American economic problem is to make the American people the ultimate market for the goods which they produce. Far from this formulation being a distortion of the goal which is common to us all, I believe that it is an attempt to express that goal in the one way which is comprehensible to nine-tenths of the American people.

Minton makes his position far more explicit in a later paragraph, however. He writes:

> The chapter "Giving People the Money" illustrates again the danger of too limited an approach to such a difficult problem as the distribution of purchasing power. By neglecting the questions of taxation, production, the resources of America, and other elements that a full discussion must include, Strachey's arguments sound startlingly similar to a restatement of the spurious panaceas sweeping certain sections of the country. That Strachey's analysis contains the germ of a correct idea is not sufficiently apparent to the reader. Instead, those unfamiliar with the question of money would easily be confused and, to some extent, prepared to accept the false "cures" preached by political opportunists and demagogues.

Authors must be grateful for small mercies; and I am duly grateful for Minton's implication that my analysis "contains the germ of a correct idea." But I cannot help feeling that this fact was "not sufficiently apparent" not only to the reader, but also to Minton himself. At the same time, I am afraid that if I try, as I will do in the remainder of this article, to expand this "germ" into a full statement of the idea, Minton will cease to think that it is in any way correct.

The fact of the matter is that I believe that "the spurious panaceas sweeping certain sections of the country . . . the false cures preached by political opportunists and demagogues," by which, I take it, Minton means the California $30-a-week plan, the various versions of the Townsend scheme, etc., etc., contain a very large and a very important "germ of a correct idea." Above all I believe that it would be "the germ of a correct idea" for us not to abuse such schemes, but to seek to free them of the element of fallacy in which they are all more or less embedded; to bring out the sound sense that is in them. But in order to do that, we must be quite sure that we ourselves realize what it is that is fallacious in such schemes and what it is that is sound; and I have the suspicion that many of us are ridiculing the very soundest part of these schemes.

As I understand them, and without attempting to go into the details of one or other of the plans, these schemes all propose to pay so many dollars a week to certain categories of American citizens, usually to those citizens who are over a certain age, say sixty or sixty-five. Now it is precisely this part of the schemes which is attacked by the reactionary press as ridiculous and fantastic; but it seems to me that this is the very part of the schemes which is 100 percent sound.

It is when we come to the proposals for raising the money which are put forward in these schemes that we find the objectionable and fallacious part. As I understand it, it is usually proposed to raise the money by various forms of sales or turn-over taxes; this is no doubt the worst and most undemocratic form of taxation. If it were adopted, the schemes would not, so far as I can see, result in any net distribution of purchasing power to the masses whatsoever. Hence, the amendment to these schemes which we should offer is simply this: the pension, in whatever amount, should be paid, not by any form of local or state taxation, but directly out of federal money.

And how should this federal money be raised? It might, of course, be raised in just the same way as the money which is being paid out to 3,200,000 WPA workers today is being raised. It might be raised by borrowing it from the rich. So long as the rate of interest is kept as low as it is today in America (I notice that a considerable sum was borrowed the other day by the United States Treasury on medium terms—three years at ⅞ of 1 percent) this is infinitely better than nothing. But unquestionably it would be better still, in the present circumstances of mass unemployment, with a wide margin of unused factors of production, simply to create the money.

If, for example, the federal government was today creating the money which it is paying out to the 3,200,000 WPA workers, instead of borrowing it, the immediate effect would be exactly the same as it is now. But the ultimate effect would be distinctly preferable. For the ultimate effect of the present procedure is to give the richest, idlest, and least estimable class in the community, the *rentiers,* the toll of ⅞ of 1 percent (and in some cases a good deal more, up to 2 percent or 2½ percent) for granting their kind permission to the government to use the factors of production, the men and the machines, now idle.

It is perfectly true that the federal government can easily pay this toll; it is true that

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if it raises the taxation necessary to pay it out of income and super taxes, the toll will not be a serious burden for many, many years. It may further be true that in present political conditions, and in the absence of clearer economic thinking on the part of the masses, it is politically necessary to pay this toll.

But surely we should be the last people to advocate any such payment? Surely we should be betraying everything we stand for if we suggested that it is incumbent upon the government, when it wishes to employ men left idle by the capitalist employers, to pay a completely unearned and unmerited fee to the governing class for permission to do so? Our demand on the government should be: Employ the men, either directly by paying them wages in WPA schemes, or indirectly by giving their parents such generous old-age pensions that a sufficient demand for consumers' goods is set up to give them back their jobs. And do not pay anybody anything by way of a fee or toll for the use of the money necessary to do so.

Hence, the real criticism of the "ham and eggs," Townsend, and other such schemes is that they are not bold enough; they are not "crackpot" enough. The authors of these schemes are still at least half mesmerized by the claim of the capitalists that they and they alone must control the liquid money—capital—of the community, by a sort of divine right, and that it is impious for the government to lay profane hands upon it.

Surely, however, we stultify ourselves if we oppose, with the ill-timed ridicule of superior persons, these, in essence, thoroughly sensible schemes for the mass distribution of purchasing power. We, I repeat, have at least as much to learn from the popular instinct which has produced mass support for these schemes, as we have to teach their supporters.

It should be needless to add that, *if and when full employment had been reached,* the creation of money on the part of the federal government to pay out to the masses, whether by way of WPA wages, old-age pensions, or what you will, would become not only useless, but dangerous. Then, but not till then, will it be necessary to raise by redistributory taxations of the rich every dollar which is paid out. But let us worry about the problems which will arise, if and when full employment is restored, when that happy time comes! The job, and it is a desperately urgent job, of any progressive administration in America today is somehow or other to restore full employment. And the democratic, popular, progressive way to do that is to increase to the very limit of the politically practical, mass distributions of purchasing power.

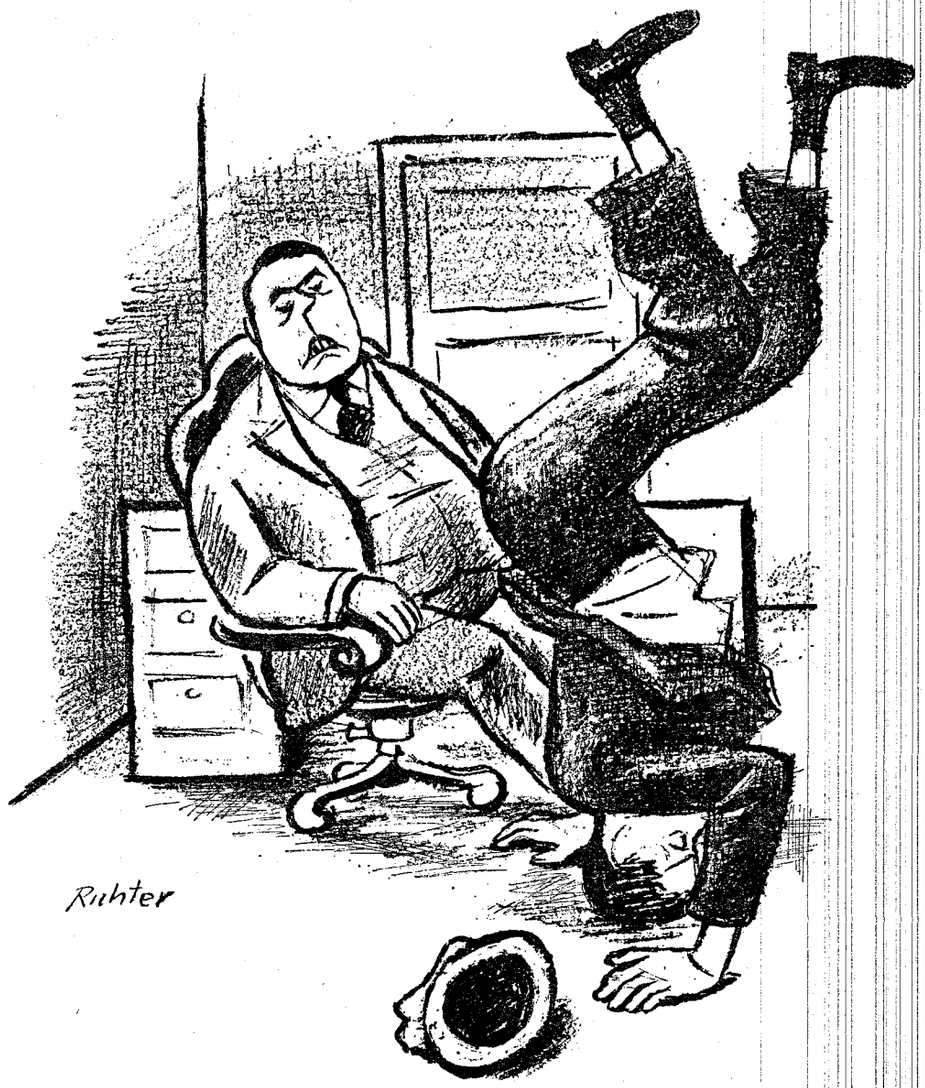
This is no place to go into the background of economic theory which is involved in these very practical considerations. Let me just say this, however. Money is work; money is objectified, socially necessary labor time. If everybody is working already, then, of course, you have to take every cent of money which you give to some, from somebody else. But until and unless everybody is working, you definitely can increase the sum total of wealth in the community by creating new money. Naturally you do not do it by the mere act of opening a new bank credit, or printing new dollar notes. You can only do it because your creation of money enables you to put men to work; and it is their work which creates the new wealth.

Is there anything unfamiliar or surprising in such simple conclusions as these for those of us who subscribe to the labor theory of value? Value is reckoned by hours of socially necessary labor time; anything which puts men on to socially necessary labor will create new values.

A second observation: The final effect of the creation of new money when substantial factors of production are idle, is redistributive. There is no difference in principle between such creation and the transfer of the purchasing power of the rich to the poor by redistributory taxation. Third, the straightforward creation of new money by the government is definitely superior in its redistributory effect to the present process of borrowing from the rich the money which is paid out to the masses.

The creation of new money is redistributive because the present inner circle of immensely wealthy finance-monopoly-capitalists bring on depressions—by hoarding surpluses of money capital. These depressions enormously accelerate the process of the concentration of capital, redistributing both capital and income more and more unevenly. Hence anything which checks, and if possible reverses, this deflationary process has a counteracting effect and tends to redistribute income more equably. It is perfectly true to say that the immediate problem boils down to making the capitalist system work upon a narrower margin of rent, interest, and profit—or surplus value as we call it. But one of the ways, and I have come to believe, a very important way, to do this is for the government to use boldly its power of credit creation for the mass distribution of purchasing power.

John Maynard Keynes is correct when he says that capitalism would be workable indefinitely if the capitalists would tolerate a rate of rent, interest, and profit (rate of sur-



Mischa Richter

"I can see you're willing to do anything. But we still haven't any openings."

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plus value) following steadily towards zero. But then, if that were to happen, what would be left of capitalism? This, however, is the very reason why we should support all those progressive policies which tend towards making the system work by means of narrowing the margin of rent, interest, and profit.

Nor should we have the least fear that in doing so we are bolstering up capitalism. The New Deal is not, as Minton, I see, supposes, "a measure of protection against the decline of the capitalist system." It is impossible to try to make capitalism work, by attempting to give full employment along New Deal lines without weakening the system, in the precise sense of making it less capitalistic, less accumulative, less monopolistic. That is why the overwhelming majority of capitalists do not, Minton to the contrary, support the New Deal. As we see only too clearly, the decisive capitalist forces are mobilized for a supreme struggle against the New Deal. I assure Minton that they know their own business better than he does.

In just the same way, those American workers, farmers, and members of the middle class, who are demanding $30-a-week pensions for their old age, know their own business. We may be able to point out to them certain flaws in the particular schemes they propose; but if we come to them with a superior air and tell them that their schemes are "spurious panaceas," they will regard us as insufferably supercilious intellectuals; and I for one shan't blame them.

There. I have got it off my chest. I have purposely stated the issue as sharply and provocatively as possible in the hope that it may provide a basis for fruitful controversy in these columns.

(Editorial comment on this article will be found on page 13.)

★

Oppose Nazi Film

A CAMPAIGN has been started to bar public showings of the Nazi propaganda film of the 1936 Olympics, which was brought to this country by Leni Riefenstahl, Hitler's intimate friend and director of the Nazi film industry. The campaign is sponsored by the Joint Boycott Council of the American Jewish Congress and the Jewish Labor Committee. The Federated Press states:

Miss Riefenstahl is the official director of all films of Nazi Party congresses. Although at one time Hitler's automobile could frequently be seen parked before her apartment, recent rumors are that the friendship has cooled.

The Joint Boycott Council pointed out that Nazi films, in addition to providing revenue for the Hitler government, also disseminate Nazi propaganda. The film of the 1936 Olympics has been described by Propaganda Minister Goebbels as "the greatest instrument of Nazi propaganda ever created."

The council has sent telegrams to every leading distributing company as well as to the more important exhibitors, informing them that any theater showing the film would be picketed and asking cooperation "in safeguarding our people from the virus of the Hitler doctrine of hate."

In Franco's Prison Camp

An American Reports His Experiences

NORMAN E. DORLAND

THEY had us covered with their light machine-gun. It was suicide to move. Fred, who was a little way back, saw me standing there, fascists all around me. He made a break to come to my help. They fired. He fell, lifted his head on his arms, and called me. "Norman," he cried, "I'm wounded." They killed him. They took me back for questioning. "Crazy American" they called me when they discovered I was a volunteer. "He left America to come to a war that wasn't his," they said. They sent me on to Bilbao.

This all happened the morning of March 12. Fred and I had been cut off during the night. We had been searching for General Headquarters. We did not know fascist patrols had penetrated our lines, driving a wedge between the MacPaps [the Canadian volunteers in the International Brigades: the MacKenzie Papineaus—EDITORS.] and the HQ. We had been circling the enemy patrols all night and came up to what we thought were our own lines. We were staggering along, dead tired, when we ran straight into a fascist advance patrol. We thought they were our own troops: uniforms get to look all alike, especially after three days of retreating. That's how we came to walk straight into their squad which had a light machine-gun. Fred was my best friend.

We made the trip to Bilbao on a cattle car. An old Basque woman stood at one of the station stops. She gave us water, tears in her eyes. I had written a note to my family and when I saw the old woman ready to give us water while most people shied away from the *prisioneros,* I slipped her my letter. She glanced at the envelope, looked in my face, and I saw she was afraid. But she took the letter, hid it in her apron, and said, "Son, it won't be lack of a stamp which would keep this letter from reaching your mother." I learned months afterward that my family got the letter.

At Bilbao I met other wounded Internationals. Up till then I had thought that I and four others in the cattle car were the only IB's taken alive. After a month at Bilbao they took us to the concentration camp, San Pedro de Cardena, fifteen kilometers from Burgos. All IB's are imprisoned there. It was a former convent.

Four thousand prisoners were cooped up here. There were three thousand Spanish Asturians and 653 internationals. The IB's were valuable prisoners, the only ones Franco had captured during the war. They kept us incommunicado, separated from the Spaniards, in two rooms holding three hundred each. Both rooms are just wide enough to lay two straw mattresses end to end with a small space down the center.

Jammed into these two rooms are 653 men talking thirty-eight different tongues. Eighty-six are British, thirty-four Canadians, seventy-seven Americans, about fifty Frenchmen, one hundred Portuguese South Americans, other Europeans. We found one Chinese among us. Five hundred of these Internationals were captured from IB units, 108 during the fall of the North, and forty-five were non-combatants Franco is trying to pawn off as Internationals so he can trade them in for more of Mussolini's Black Arrows.

Every morning the armed guard forced us to march out and raise the fascist flag, salute, and shout:

"España Una!"
"España Grande!"
"España Libre!"

Commandantes played the cheerleaders. They yelled, "España." We were supposed to answer with "Una." They yelled "España" again. We were supposed to yell "Grande." Their third "España," and we were to shout "Libre."

We always mumbled the first two, but when they came to "Libre" we shouted that word with all the strength in our lungs. It so startled the commandante that he called the whole idea off. The Spanish Asturians and the Basques joined us in the "Libre" yell.

We rose by bugle call at 7:30. We lined up at four washbowls, five toilets. Six hundred and fifty-three men; in other words, one man was permitted only eight minutes at the washbowl and toilet each twenty-four hours. This doesn't include washing clothes—if and when soap is available. Soap is almost as scarce as *libertad* in Franco Spain.

Breakfast? Hot water with garlic flavor and oil; some dissolved stale bread. That was breakfast. Lunch: a bit of bread, a mess of beans, topped by two fried sardines soaked in rancid olive oil. The sardines were rotting. Generally we couldn't eat them. The food was mainly starch and for months nothing else. White beans, brown beans, big and little beans, *garabanzos,* or cow peas and lentils. Few potatoes, and twice a week something supposed to be stew which I cannot describe even yet. Salad greens we had three times in seven months when some important visitors happened to come around. Our health went from bad to worse; the summer months were the worst. Something like scurvy began

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to affect us; our bodies broke out into open sores. On the many rainy days of the North country the sick multiplied daily. The wind blowing down the valley from the north entered the glassless windows, causing bad drafts. We couldn't eat when it rained. The mud was too thick to go outside.

The sick roll went up from between 30 to 40 percent. Some kind of fever. Aspirin was our medicine. To get a pill you had to stand in line at 10 a.m., get an okay, and then return at 4 p.m. Often the day's allotment was finished and you dragged your feet back to your blanket. A common ailment aside from fever was San Pedroitis, which is a rheumatic pain in the ankles, shin bones, and knees. Sometimes the pain got so it was unbearable. Forty percent of us suffered from that. Thirty percent had diarrhea and cramps in the stomach constantly; 20 percent had infections and sores which would not heal and kept increasing in size and number, as well as soft gums and loose teeth and open wounds. Many of us suffered from more than one ailment. During the first six months, when anybody became sick his friends carried his mattress down to one end of the large room, where he stayed until he was well. The last month, a small room containing raised boards for beds and holding only ten men was provided for the most seriously ill. The prison had an infirmary of fifty beds run by nuns. It was nearly impossible for an International to get admittance. Three of five men who finally did get admitted died. The result was the men got to have a fear of it. They would rather die with their friends about them.

Seven died during the six months—four from appendicitis, through lack of an operation. We had five of our own doctors among us who had been captured. They were ready to operate with a pocket knife if they were allowed some anesthesia. They were refused the anesthesia.

So we buried our dead, their friends attending. The priest officiated, the Basque Catholic prisoners sang their ritual, and we marched.

How we marched! We marched in a way we had never permitted the fascists to see before. We had convinced them we wouldn't keep step when they forced us to go on a military parade around their flag. On those occasions we slouched along, awkward, stumbling, a sorry picture. But this time! After taking our dead comrades out the front gate, we marched back to our rooms, we marched as one, we seemed to lose our identity as individuals—we were one man, more determined than ever that the convictions he had when he first came to Spain were worth all this. Its effect was so marked that the fascist guards stepped back in alarm as we passed. They seemed to sink and cower. Spanish prisoners clung to the bars watching. The camp was uneasy for weeks. After that time we were not permitted to bury our comrades.

The first few months proved the most difficult. Our life had been an active one before. The fact that we were still alive led many of us to believe we would soon be exchanged. From the first days a few had started teaching Spanish to small groups, to while away the time most profitably. Some would take boards off the trash box, scrape them with glass until they were white, and then use them as a sort of slate, later scraping the writing off for the next class. When time dragged on and it seemed we were going to stay, one of the fellows said we ought to have a "university." We agreed to that. We had no textbooks. But the last month, when the first money began to arrive from home through the Red Cross, the commandante permitted us to send to Burgos for a few. Thus we obtained paper and pencil, also a blackboard; finally the two rooms took on the appearance of an Oriental school where all sit on the floor, including the teacher.

We made up a leaflet and circulated it:

FALL SCHEDULE OF CLASSES—'38
SAN PEDRO INSTITUTE OF HIGHER LEARNING
(Free—Non-Sectarian)

The SPIHL will begin its second term Thursday, September 22. The term will be approximately three months. Classes will be started if there are enough applicants. Advanced and new courses have been introduced, including a tentative lecture series. Unpopular courses have been dropped from the schedule, but almost any course may be had if there are enough requests and there are enough teachers to volunteer. The SPIHL, although restricted in this respect by the war, supplies papers, pencils, and texts to classes absolutely free.

The SPIHL commences the fall term with a reference library of six texts and a dictionary, over a ream of paper, miscellaneous supplies, and 160 pesetas cash—all made possible by voluntary donations.

For further information, the dean and bursar will be pleased to consult with you.

Here are some of the NEW COURSES.

(Teachers and hours are tentative—Dean.)

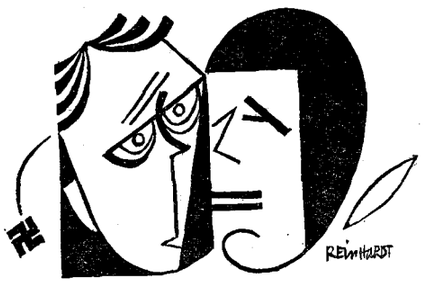
Plane and descriptive geometry—daily, 3:00.

Spanish history—to be arranged.

Dramatics—Mon., Tues., Wed., Thurs., Fri., Sat.—4:00.

Analytical math.—Mon., Wed., Fri.—9:45.

Our best professor, an Irish captain, Frank Ryan, who is well known in England for his work on a biography of Jim Connolly, was suddenly taken away from our "university," tried, convicted, sentenced to be shot, and reprieved at the last moment. We do not know his whereabouts now. Then they came and took another "scholar" away, Jimmy Small,



Ad Reinhardt

Two Salesmen in Search of a Country

Being an Imaginary Monologue of David Windsor to Charles Lindbergh

Here we are, old chap, at the Café de la Paix,
Star salesmen temporarily unemployed.
See Alfonso over there and the fat boy Otto
Waiting with Kerensky, whisky eyes that pray
For the people to petition slavery?
You and I were never such small fry;
We, my man, sold empires, grass and sky.

My face with Zulu chiefs, eyes lost
In the jungle, so the poor will eat their poverty
And natives die for God and Monarchy.
No offense—we sold the same encyclopedia
From planes and trains and other media.

My ride to Berlin was a housing tour;
You flew directly for an insomnia cure.
Now Bertie and Betty are stealing my show in the States,
But then your labor's free, you know, and smarter;
They'll have to sell the cure as a Dionne sponsor.

Well—drink up, old man; keep upper lipped—
Mustn't let Alfonso think we've slipped;
We're star salesmen just temporarily unemployed.
Front is the word for royalty, old fuss-fuss—
Hope Bedaux doesn't stick stop-watches on us!

ROBERT GESSNER.

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a Scotchman, tried him and shot him. What affected us Americans most was the recent removal of two native Americans, Clarence Blair and Cohn Haber, to Saragossa. They held no rank in the IB and we know no reason for their removal.

Is it any wonder that five Germans, one Italian, and one Portuguese took the chance of trying to escape from this hell hole? Of the seven, four Germans and the Portuguese were recaptured, with the prospect of having to return to their native homes under Gestapo guards. They were returned for us to see and only one German remains to be taken away and shot. In constant attendance were two of Hitler's Gestapo agents, who took our pictures and fingerprints, questioned us, and had us fill out "declarations"—why we had come to Spain to fight. The windup came when eleven Germans were sent back to Germany and all seventeen Italians removed to Italy. This was about the time the "Non-Intervention Committee" said they had decided to count us.

Those of us remaining at the "university" got hold of fascist papers which we read in groups and gleaned information from between the lines. We discussed the stories, particularly questions of military science. We had detailed discussions and analyses of the numerous actions we had been through, not omitting sharp criticism of mistakes made by those present or dead. We all agreed the enemy had far more equipment than we had—German and Italian equipment—but we couldn't agree that they knew how to use the heavy stuff better than we. And one lad told the following story: that when he was captured by the Italian troops the general pointed to a spot on the map, stuck with many pins, and said in front of his prisoner with a smile: "I think there are some IB's there. Watch me get them out"; and issuing orders by radio, he moved the pins and wiped the victims out. At least that was the Italian general's story.

We decided we needed some lighter moments so we organized community singing two evenings a week. Spaniards wound up singing Scotch songs. Then chess became our favorite sport. We made the kings and pawns and queens of soap, wood, and cement, the only materials available. Blindfold players and one man playing ten at a time gave exhibitions.

We had to do these things to keep our minds occupied. Constantly we fought rumors, as of when we were to go home. Some of the rumors, such as the news of the Ebro crossing, gave courage. Chief confirmation of rumors like these came unwittingly from the guards. If they treated us a bit better, it meant the government had gained a victory. The guards wanted to be in good with us in the event we turned out on top.

Visitors came on the average of one every two weeks. One cardinal came and blessed us; another time an English priest asked us if we had anything we wanted to confess. Generally our visitors were *officiales* and *periodistas*. We discussed what was to be said and who should be spokesman at interviews and we constantly demanded better food and more humane treatment.

We knew "General" Carney of the New York *Times* was coming and we knew in general what kind of an article he would write. But it never occurred to us he was a rat. To show how close he was to the officials I need only tell that shortly after he left, the men who spoke to him were called down and told, word for word, various details of the interview, and warned that if they spoke so openly again they would be "dealt with adequately." We thought it was newspaper ethics not to tell the officials what the prisoners had told you. But we certainly were wrong.

Charley Barr, who is from Ohio and who had one eye shot out during the retreat in the Aragon, asked Carney where his fascist uniform was, why wasn't he wearing it today? Carney replied, "What do you want to do, lose your other eye?"

Finally Charles A. Bay, American consul in Seville, arrived, drank beer with the prison commandante, asked six of us a few unrelated questions, and refused to go to see the conditions we told him existed. We told him that the English were permitted to write, but we were not. He said we could if we wanted to. Yet after he left, conditions became even worse because a representative of our own government showed no interest in our welfare. Bay informed our people at home through the State Department that we had permission to write. But they never received any letters we sent them. The only way to write home was on a Red Cross blank. It permitted us to write fifteen words to our families! Money handled by the Red Cross was changed at fourteen pesetas to the dollar.

How valuable a can of milk, a piece of chocolate, a pack of tobacco, even the cheapest grade, letters, and magazines are for the prisoners. We found the best way to get them was through the care of International Red Cross, Geneva, Switzerland. Magazines of non-political nature can be sent directly by fourth-class mail.

The English representative, a Colonel Martin, had the guts to put up some scrap for the British prisoners, with the result that one hundred Britishers were taken to a better camp and fattened up for their return to England.

Three times the Franco press claimed to have captured thousands of IB's. Whenever that happened we would be taken out under heavy guard and marched down a hill while motion picture cameras ground out thrilling films of the "rojos" just captured.

One day a little peasant girl became ill near the camp. Her parents asked the fascist doctor to visit the child but he refused. So we took the case up and, with assistance, one of our own doctors was taken out at night and he tended her. The morale of the fascists lessened appreciably in the seven months we were in concentration camp. Our successes on the Ebro front brought curious reactions among the fascist guards. Many began to develop old limps, their old wounds bothered them, and bandages began reappearing.

Once Jacques Doriot, the French renegade, came down to talk to Franco and he paid us a visit. The sergeant of the guard asked the French prisoners who were standing aside, "Who wants to talk to Doriot?"

None stepped out.

The question was repeated. Still no reply.

Finally, Doriot came down with his secretary. The secretary asked the same question. The same result.

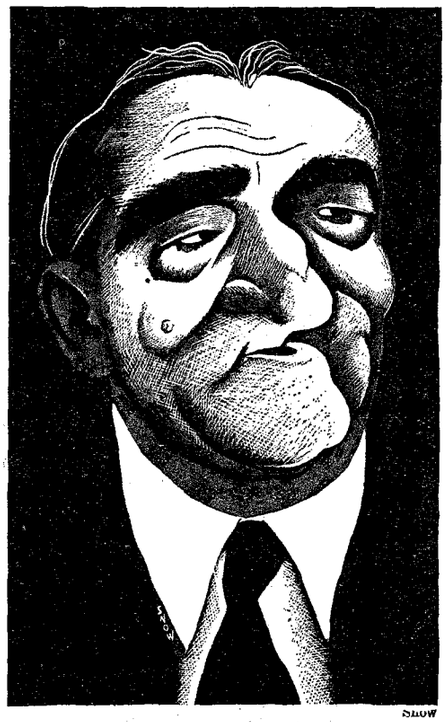
"Doesn't anyone wish to hear Doriot's side?" he asked. Nobody moved. Finally the secretary burst out with enthusiasm, "Surely, someone wishes to speak to the great Doriot!"

Silence.

What a demonstration. Doriot finally slunk off, his face a picture of anger and mortification.

We saw many definite indications of weak morale, internal difficulties, shortage of manpower. Twenty-five of the hundred guards, for example, were former soldiers of ours who had been captured. They made the mistake of stating they had relatives in fascist Spain so Franco said, "You fight for me and I will see no harm comes to your family." That's how they bludgeon thousands of Spaniards into action.

September 23 is a day we shall always remember, we fourteen who left the concentration camp for the North, on our way home. In the Burgos railroad station on our way out we saw six hundred troops march by; all



"My defeat should be regarded like the defeat of George Washington on Long Island in 1776. Washington was defeated in that memorable battle, but he won the revolution."—CONGRESSMAN JOHN J. O'CONNOR.

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either middle-aged or very young. They were being marched to the front *under guard!*

Of these, three hundred were midgets, which brought to my mind how England formed a midget regiment during the latter part of the World War. One midget gave us the clenched fist! Does Franco need Mussolini's troops?

It was difficult to say goodby to those Americans and others with whom we had shared many hardships; to promise we would get them out before winter, realizing that if we didn't, the cold, together with their lowered vitality and the touch of scurvy then on their bodies, would put many of them in a shallow grave by spring. They seemed to realize it too as we left. What handshakes there were: we leaving for America, they standing there in the concentration camp with the Gestapo agents all about.

We left feeling that we could never rest until we brought them back to us.

We feel that way now.

★

Pellagra Cure

THE first wide-scale use of the nicotinic acid cure for pellagra which was announced recently at the autumn meeting of the National Academy of Sciences, will be made in Madrid where, after twenty-four months of siege, the dread disease is rampant.

On board the *S. S. Erica Reed,* now at sea with food and relief supplies for republican Spain, there is a compact little package of the acid, twenty-six pounds in all, sent as a gift from thirty-nine of America's leading scientists, including Dr. Albert Einstein, Dr. William Parry Murphy, and Dr. Harold C. Urey, Drs. David T. Smith and Susan Gower Smith, of Duke University, whose discovery of the cure was so widely hailed last week following its announcement at the National Academy sessions, and Drs. R. R. Williams and C. A. Elvehjem, who had done notable work on it before. Accompanying the gift is a message to Dr. Juan Negrín, Spanish prime minister, who is also professor of physiology at the University of Madrid and a world authority:

It is hoped that this small shipment of nicotinic acid will aid in curing the thousands of cases of pellagra in your country. Only very minute amounts of this chemical are required for the relief of this age-old disease. In fact, the 270,000 doses in this twenty-six-pound shipment are worth only a few hundred dollars—less than the cost of a single bomb that falls on Madrid.

An overwhelming majority of scientific workers desire to improve the lot of man. They are keenly disappointed when their work is used for destructive purposes. Therefore, it gives scientific men great pleasure to be able to present this new and beneficial discovery to the harassed people of Spain.

The message closed on a high note:

Advances of science can bring the greatest health and wealth to man, but only where there is freedom of search and action. Scientific men will be ever grateful to the Spanish people for their heroic stand against the invaders of their country and against the enemies of a free democracy.

Readers' Forum

More on Railroads

TO NEW MASSES: It is unfortunate that Ernest Dore's article on railroads in your issue of October 25, which is in the main clear-cut, becomes cloudy in its description of the bonded indebtedness of railroads.

For the general public, the situation is much more disgraceful than that stated by Mr. Dore. In describing the staggering debt built up by the New Haven R. R., he states that "In this deal, the stockholders have lost, railway labor has lost, and only the financial houses and the insurance companies who hold these bonds have gained"; but these bonds held by insurance companies and banks represent the invested deposits of people with insurance and savings accounts. Insurance companies have invested over three billion dollars of their policyholders' funds in railroad securities, and savings bank depositors may account for perhaps another half-billion. When the value of these securities is impaired, it is the equity of the millions of people whose money has been invested in these securities that is being destroyed. Buying rights of way, terminals, and other lines at swollen prices with the money of policyholders and bank depositors did not bring gain to the insurance companies, but to those from whom the property was bought. Incidentally, Mr. Dore might well look into the question of whether the sellers of these properties were not often on the board of directors of the railroad. Even if the bonds paid a higher rate of interest than they earned, the rate was generally between 4 and 5 percent and in recent years below 4 percent.

"The stockholders lost," says Mr. Dore, but even if they did lose on interest yield, it was the small stockholders with nothing to say in the management of the railroad, who lost. The majority stockholders "owned" the railroad, had the high-salaried executive jobs, and borrowed the savings funds of the general public (by selling bonds to them directly and through their life insurance and savings institutions) to buy property for, in most cases, many times its value.

It is another gigantic instance of the methods of our capital structure. The owners of a small amount of capital (voting stock) can manipulate an amount many times its size (bonds) borrowed to a very large extent from the lower-income classes.

An equitable method for nationalization of railroads would follow the lines of making the members of the *owner-directorship* of a railroad responsible for its failure and assessing them to reimburse the bondholders, but such a thing is unfortunately impossible, and any practical formula the government will work out for nationalization such as that mentioned briefly by Mr. Dore at the conclusion of the article, will throw the burden of loss on the shoulders of the smallest investors. However, it is the best we can do at present and, in any case, provides the best chance to prevent future depredations and further confiscation of equity by private ownership.

Bronx, N. Y. MICHAEL ADAMS.

World's-Fair Art Award

TO NEW MASSES: A national competition, open to all American artists, for mural paintings for the United States Government Building at the New York World's Fair, was announced in June 1938 in a special bulletin issued by the Section of Painting and Sculpture of the Procurement Division of the Treasury Department.

The announcement included the names of the members of the jury of award as follows: Edward J. Flynn, United States commissioner general, United States New York World's Fair Commission; Theodore T. Hayes, executive assistant United States commissioner, United States New York World's Fair Commission; Eugene Savage, mural painter and art consultant to United States New York World's Fair Commission; Reginald Marsh, mural painter of New York City; Ernest Peixotto, consultant for mural painting, Board of Design, New York World's Fair, 1939; Leon Kroll, mural painter of New York City and ex-officio; M. Max Dunning, special assistant to the assistant director, Procurement Division, Treasury Department; Howard L. Cheney, architect of the building; Edward Bruce, chief of the Section of Painting and Sculpture.

About five hundred artists participated in this competition, making sketches for two great murals: one for the Hall of Legislation, the other for the Hall of Judiciary. Many artists spent a whole month or longer making designs. J. O. Mahoney received one of the mural awards, causing widespread dissatisfaction among the competing artists.

The Mural Artists Guild of the United Scenic Artists, Local 829, exchanged correspondence with the Section of Painting and Sculpture regarding this award. We believe these letters would interest your readers.

FOR THE MURAL ARTISTS GUILD OF THE UNITED SCENIC ARTISTS:

George Biddle, chairman
Monty Lewis, first vice-chairman
Maxwell Starr, second vice-chairman
Louis Ross, recording secretary
Stuyvesant Van Veen, corresponding secretary
Hugo Gellert, trustee

[ENCLOSURE]

Mr. Edward Bruce, Chief
Section of Painting and Sculpture
Procurement Division, Treasury Dept.
Washington, D. C.

Dear Mr. Bruce:

It has been brought to our attention that James Owen Mahoney, who was voted one of the mural awards for the United States Government Building at the New York World's Fair, is at present the co-signee or holder of a contract (for World's Fair murals on the Communications Building) with Eugene Savage, who was a member of the jury making the award.

The undersigned artists, members of the Mural Artists Guild 829, take the position that it is unethical for a juryman or his close associate, or an immediate member of his family, to receive an award.

We bring this fact to the attention of the Section of Painting and Sculpture and ask that, due to this unethical condition of the competition, this award be declared void.

We further ask that the section appoint a new jury and hold a new competition for this mural award declared void.

Yours very truly,

George Biddle, James Brooks, Letterio Calapai, Raphael Doktor, Louis Ferstadt, Hugo Gellert, William Gropper, Michael Lenson, Monty Lewis, Michael Loew, Ryah Ludins, Kyra Markham, Anton Refregier, E. Romano, Louis Ross, A. Shampaier, Maxwell Starr, Harry Sternberg, Stuyvesant Van Veen, Joseph Vogel, Eugene Zaikine, *Members of the Mural Artists Guild 829 of the United Scenic Artists.*

[Turn to page 20]

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Mural Artists Guild
United Scenic Artists of America

Gentlemen:

I want to acknowledge the receipt of your letter of October 6 with its statement concerning Messrs. Savage and Mahoney.

Since the competition in question was anonymous, the name of Mr. Mahoney as a competitor was not known to the jury until after his design had been selected. Furthermore, no suggestion reached us prior to your letter that Messrs. Mahoney and Savage are "co-signees" of a contract with the New York World's Fair.

I realize that a protest signed by such a distinguished group of artists is entitled to the most careful consideration and I have submitted your letter to the commissioners of the United States New York World's Fair Commission who have the matter in charge and through whose courtesy the competition was made possible. Upon hearing from the Commissioners we shall advise you.

Yours very truly,
Edward Bruce
Treasury Department
Procurement Division

Mr. Edward Bruce
Section of Painting and Sculpture
Procurement Division, Treasury Dept.
Washington, D. C.

Dear Sir:

We have your letter of October 10 acknowledging the protest from the Mural Artists Guild, as to the unethical manner in which the recent competition for the Government Building at the World's Fair was conducted; a member of the jury of award, Mr. Eugene Savage, being co-signee of another World's Fair contract with Mr. J. O. Mahoney, to whom an award was made.

In your letter you state that you are referring the matter to the U. S. World's Fair Commission for their ruling. May we point out to you that Mr. Eugene Savage is himself an art consultant member of this commission?

The Mural Artists Guild insists on the obvious impropriety of referring to a commission a question of the professional ethics of a situation in which a member of that commission is involved.

Since it was the Section of Painting and Sculpture which undertook the conduct of this competition—in which over five hundred artists took part—the section has the most absolute obligation itself to express a ruling as to the conditions of strict impartiality, under which the competition was conducted.

The Mural Artists Guild again most respectfully urges you to announce immediately the withholding of the award until you have had occasion to verify the above statements; and, in such case, to annul the award, and—in fairness to the five hundred competing artists—to select another jury and hold a new competition.

For Executive Committee
Mural Artists Guild of the
United Scenic Artists Local 829

George Biddle — Louis Ross
Monty Lewis — Stuyvesant Van Veen
Maxwell Starr — Hugo Gellert

Mural Artists Guild
United Scenic Artists of America

Gentlemen:

Referring to my letter of October 10, I beg to advise you that I have been informed by the commissioners of the United States New York World's Fair Commission that they have decided that the award made to Mr. James Owen Mahoney will stand.

So far as we are concerned this closes the matter, as it is entirely within the jurisdiction of the United States New York World's Fair Commission.

Very truly yours,
Edward Bruce
Treasury Department
Procurement Division

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REVIEW AND COMMENT

Hemingway's Development

THE preface which Ernest Hemingway has written for his play about the war in Madrid (*The Fifth Column and the First Forty-nine Stories*. Charles Scribner's Sons. $2.75) is one of the important literary documents of our time. It is not simply the apology that an honest craftsman might write for a play he has not succeeded in getting produced. The preface is a statement about the broader matter of his intentions and attitudes, such as could only come from an author without a trace of meretricious purpose.

> In going where you have to go, and doing what you have to do, and seeing what you have to see, you dull and blunt the instrument you write with. But I would rather have it bent and dulled and know I had to put it on the grindstone again and hammer it into shape and put a whetstone to it, and know that I had something to write about, than to have it bright and shining and nothing to say, or smooth and well oiled in the closet, but unused.

Obviously, with this preface the notion must disappear that Hemingway is only interested in concealing beneath the glitter of his literary style the anti-social pursuits of the playboy and the gangster. Whatever may have been true of the past, Hemingway's recognition is now serious that art must have its roots in social events. He renounces the easy success of reduplicating past molds in favor of loyalty to the changing shape of things. When a writer who has been sensitive to style and technique of expression chooses the risk of esthetic failure because he will not allow himself to degenerate into the insignificant and the outmoded, his action becomes an important sign of the times. But it is especially significant for those who have aligned themselves with the left. They have been warned often enough by the high priests of Culture of the dangers that lurk in the doctrinaire, and now an American writer who is certainly as good as we possess tells his fellow writers it is a danger they must run. In the language of politics, they must "take sides against fascism."

About his own play, Hemingway, I think, has been too modest. The success of his turn to the dramatic form in *The Fifth Column* may have been embarrassed by lack of familiarity with practical stagecraft. We may leave this judgment to the event. But it is otherwise with his turn to an anti-fascist theme, for the play makes good reading. We are taken inside a hotel in Madrid that is periodically shelled from without and harbors fascist spies within. The breakdown of normal service in time of civil war sets the action against a background of ironic humor. The electrician is too drunk with wine and anarchism to repair the damaged wires. The manager is more eager to get food for his family from lodgers who may have smuggled it in from France than to serve them. Chambermaids find it more difficult than usual to close their eyes to the unlocked door and the empty bed. But the American, Philip Rawlings, though he plays the game like the rest, does not talk about his real business in the hotel, which is to ferret out the fascist spies. Before he has succeeded, they have shot in his room a member of the International Brigade whom they have mistaken for him. But, through the aid of a loyalist soldier of German birth, he discovers the center of operations and captures the gang.

If *The Fifth Column* were only another story of violence and intrigue in time of war, it would be of little moment. But its sensational events are the mechanism through which a typical Hemingway character gets a grip on himself. Externally Philip resembles the familiar type. Middle class, wearing his education lightly, and unaccustomed to treating money with veneration, he has lived from one love affair into another, never expecting more than sensuality and never satisfied when he has got it. When the play opens he has just achieved another conquest. After knocking out his rival in a drunken fight, he has won the admiration of an American girl who is writing stories in Spain. The war is exciting but inconvenient, and she proposes that they escape it, go through the familiar motions of travel to some mountain resort where nature will leave them alone or to some watering place where bars and cabarets will furnish a more appealing distraction from love than the terror of war. In the old days Philip would have assented with the old disgust for himself and the woman. But now his disgust has for the first time found its reason, and he contrasts the grace and luxury of the proposed debauch with the struggle that thousands of men and women around them are making to safeguard such elemental needs as life and food and freedom. Philip turns away in preference to an illiterate Spanish courtesan in whose love he recognizes the broader element of a common interest in the fight for the survival of Spanish democracy.

Chet La More

The success of such a story obviously does not lie in the nature of a theme which might easily have been treated with banality or sentiment. Philip's seriousness of purpose grows with his participation in the hunt for spies. It is not the result of any reading of treatises or long theoretical discussions. It is the gradual, quite unintellectual response to his admiration for Spanish friends. In every affair of the heart there must be the nuance of wider interests than the personal: the book that both react to in a similar way; the gesture loved because it implies a common snobbism or democracy; the spontaneous turning away from the immediate interest to the same relaxation, whatever it may be. When there is not agreement, these apparently superfluous trifles collect and undermine the basis of passion. In the play they first break through when Dorothy expects Philip to admire the expensive furs she has secured by a dubious financial transaction. Quite in the Hemingway fashion, Philip does not discuss their difference of attitude, but, when he himself comes to feel it keenly, casts her off in a burst of vulgar quarreling.

The whole of Hemingway's development from the beginning of his career as a writer is implicit in the character of Philip Rawlings. The collection of his short stories appended to the play graphs a course the direction of which the play can now be said to have defined. Their arrangement from stories of Nick's boyhood in the Midwest to his mature experiences in European or American cities suggests the interpretation. Hemingway has always been absorbed by certain elementary con-

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cerns of men. Influenced by the revolt against intellectualism and respectability led by Dreiser and Anderson, but for him principally by the early work of Gertrude Stein, he has cherished beyond all else the cultivation of the body. The quality he has consistently admired in men has been physical competence. Indifferent to class lines, he has ignored the ideals that Americans have associated with them: success in business, public esteem, the austerity of the puritan, the effeminacy of the dilettante. He has chosen to write of the boy who admires his father's dexterity as a fisherman, the boxer who can plant a sure blow, young men skilled with the gun or the ski. If the millionaire is a big game hunter or in middle years turns to the vicarious participation of betting at the races, he finds him interesting, but not otherwise. His women have never been domestic, but are the hardy reckless consorts of such men. And as lovers, both his men and women have more than a trace of primitive sadism in them. Whether wealthy or down on their luck, college bred or almost illiterate, his characters have shared a common bond of disdain for stuffy class distinctions.

Hemingway wrote of this world so freshly and frankly as to take his audience unawares. He made them like the direct experience of his stories by furnishing them no excuse for the *arrière pensée* of the moralist. He profited, it is true, from the more tolerant attitude that prevailed in literary circles as a result of the propaganda in the works of Mencken, Dreiser, and Anderson. But he never stimulated criticism, as some of his predecessors had done, by justifying his interpretation. He kept himself out of sight as carefully as Flaubert, never indulging in a phrase of open comment, so that the flavor of irony or disillusionment or whatever it might be, seemed to reside in the very juxtaposition of events. But if he was candid about the intimacies of sex, if he allowed the crude cynicism of popular speech to dominate his style, he did not conceal the redeeming sincerity of ordinary human impulse. The little Indian girl who introduces the boy to sex, while her brother looks on, shyly asks for a kiss and hopes with curiosity for a baby. This fundamental trait in Hemingway, of course, reaches its finest expression in *A Farewell to Arms*. Only those who have not realized that Hemingway's cruelty is of the surface could be surprised that he has made childbirth the tragic climax of this novel and his tragic ending the loss of both the child and the mother.

The death of the nurse symbolized (for Hemingway) the destruction of our aspirations consequent upon the World War. He became the novelist of that restless generation of misfits which followed the demobilization of the troops. The brutality of his characters is their perverse response to the brutality with which life has treated them. Something has given way within, though what it is remains obscure; some orientation towards the use of their talents or the grasp of happiness has been rudely broken. They hide the wound beneath a crust of bravado. They learn to drink it off,

Soriano

and come to feel at home with other misfits who have lost their nerve and their decency. They describe with cynical disgust the bullfighter in "The Undefeated," who refuses to recognize his degeneration and gets gored in the fight he believes will restore his reputation. They visit the prizefighter who knows he has fought too long and is betting his own money on his opponent. They meet the crook who has been lying all day in bed because he knows that those whom he has double-crossed are waiting for him outside. Or they accept into their fraternity, with a touch of pride for their own superior comprehension, those whose narrow range of class interests has blinded them to their callousness, as when, in "An Alpine Idyll," the two young sportsmen order their meal with complete indifference to the gruesome story the sexton has told them.

Then there came the magnificence of *Death in the Afternoon,* one of those rare treatises by men of letters which discloses the gulf between scholarship and insight. It is a veritable encyclopedia of bullfighting, the history of the sport, the style of the great fighters, the decay of the national tradition, until it dawns on the reader that he is dealing with the rise and fall of an art form. For Hemingway finds bullfighting the only sport which follows the course of tragedy upon the stage. It is the stylization of death, more ritualized than ancient gladiatorial combats and more humanized, since the superior skill of the man makes it more likely that the bull will die. But for those who were watching for social connotations in Hemingway's development, disquieting symptoms had appeared. The constant question in our minds, I remember, was whether Hemingway was going esthetic, was going to follow to its end the road that Gertrude Stein had shown him. His style had been without parallel in American writing for flawless achievement of what he sought. It isolated as only fine prose can do the sentence intonation, the slangy penetrating metaphor, which prove how superficial are the differences in linguistic pattern between the American of the middle class and the proletariat. But now that all this sensitiveness was turned, however beautifully, into lamentation that bullfighting was becoming a lost art, that economic insecurity and the demands of the poor were responsible for the decay of another old Spanish custom, it seemed to adumbrate the cultural orientation of fascism, which is obtuse to the cruelty and vulgarity of the present because it lives in dreams of feudal perfection. Knowing also as we did that the ethos of the gangster about whom Hemingway had written was only that of the fascist vigilante not yet systematized, we hesitated about his direction.

We had forgotten, as events showed, that Hemingway had always lacked the principal ingredient of fascist culture. This is, I take it, to see persons not of one's class from the outside, to fail to penetrate into understanding of the complexity of their psychology and the real nature of their aims. It should not be ignored that there is a kind of fascist interest in the proletariat. When the rich and idle lady takes a proletarian lover, rather than appreciating him for what he is, she is only projecting upon him the depravity of her own passions, and her sympathy is similar to that anyone may have for a fine specimen of animal, the dog in one's house or the deer one proceeds to slaughter. But, though Hemingway's characters have often been callous in this fashion, he has never been similarly callous in his relation to them. Indeed, quite the contrary; if he has continually shocked the respectable reader, it has been precisely by the authenticity of his disclosure of other *mores* than their own. He has not sentimentalized the worker or the sportsman. He has put himself on their level and made them articulate. Nor has he ignored what is often the reckless generosity of their characters.

In fact, he has come more and more to recognize that the underprivileged have a resiliency of resistance to degenerating pressures that is lacking in the coddled rich, though the resistance, as in *To Have and To Have Not,* may in the particular case be partial and end in failure. Hemingway's irony, indeed, proceeds from his recognition that the real kindliness and generosity in human relationships is less likely to be found in the reputable classes; just as his cynicism was in large measure a consequence of his absorption in the *mores* of the dominant class and those it had corrupted. But at bottom he had always taken for granted the democratic tradition of freedom and equality. Life in Europe after the war had this salutary effect upon many of our expatriate writers. Bohemianism in these individuals promoted the rediscovery of neglected human values. The sentimental ideal of equality and fraternity, detached from its mooring in middle-class respectability, became for them a real conviction. Though confused enough at first, this reaction to accepted values became more significant as the accepted values continued to degenerate. After Prohibition, in "Wine of Wyoming," Hemingway feels more at home with the family of poor French farmers in Wyoming who hospitably offer him

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their friendship and the wine they are periodically arrested for making, than he does with the dominant class. The Spanish war immensely expanded these displacements of class feeling, completed the shift from Bohemianism to democracy, and clarified the enigma that the sophisticated and esoteric artist sometimes has the strongest appreciation of the virtues of the common man. It was so with Elliot Paul, and it has been so with Hemingway. And this collection of his short stories is the record of the road that Hemingway has traveled through the confusions of modern life to a clearer insight into the relation between democracy and art.

EDWIN BERRY BURGUM.

Aragon's Real World

RESIDENTIAL QUARTER, *by Louis Aragon. Translated by Haakon M. Chevalier. Harcourt, Brace & Co. $2.50.*

AMID all the horrors of the world we are living in, with fascist bombs raining down on the women and children of Spain and China, with whole nations being wiped out by the fiat of brute force, and with all the worldwide unemployment and mass starvation—in the midst of such a world as this, even the most socially unconscious must sometimes pause for wonder: How did it ever happen? How did it come to be? What manner of men could have shaped such a world for human beings to live in?

This is the question which three distinguished French novelists have recently set out to answer. In his *Men of Good Will,* Jules Romains has been giving us his "portrait of a society." In *Les Thibault,* Roger Martin du Gard has essayed a picture of the same early-century era. And now comes Louis Aragon, one time Dadaist and Surrealist, today fighter in the People's Front, with a novel-sequence to which he has given the title, *The Real World,* a series in which *Residential Quarter* is the second volume, *The Bells of Basel* being the first.

Romains is by far the best known of the three in this country. Martin du Gard is known scarcely at all on this side of the Atlantic; and Aragon is far from being as well known as he should be, considering the high reputation he has enjoyed in France ever since the war, as one of the finest of modern French prose writers. In America, Aragon in the past has been the property of the more or less precious few, a public which has been growing perceptibly cooler toward him for the last eight years or so, ever since he began kicking over the Surrealist traces and emerging as a working-class revolutionist. (Formerly a member of the staff of *L'Humanité,* the *Daily Worker* of Paris, he at present edits the popular afternoon newspaper, *Ce Soir.*)

There is, however, a far wider audience which the author of *Residential Quarter* ought

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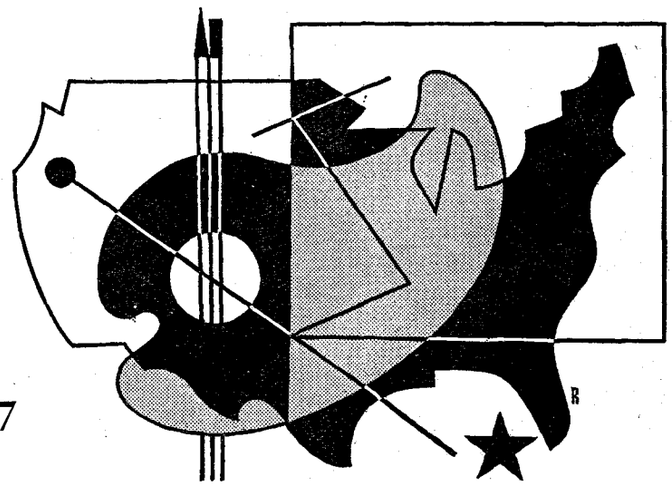

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to find, an audience made up of those who are interested, at once, in literature and in that great international people's movement which has as its objectives bread, peace, freedom, or, as we say in America, jobs, security, democracy, and peace. For not only does Aragon rank with Romains and Malraux as one of the three best that France has to show in the contemporary novel; he and the Malraux of *Man's Fate* may be taken as representing the two sides of revolutionary writing in this age: the realistic and the romantic. While Malraux gives us the drama and the tragedy of the human soul against a background of great social upheavals, Aragon—the ex-Surrealist, mind you—sets to work to forge a new and annihilating realism, one that shall be subjectively adequate to the changed objective world of dying imperialism.

Like Romains, like Martin du Gard, he takes us back to the early transition years of the century, and brings the picture down to the World War. In *The Bells of Basel,* through the characters of three women, in reality three upper-class prostitutes, he showed us what French society was in those "good old days" for which our reactionaries profess such nostalgia—"the foundations then were at least solid," etc., etc. Aragon lets us see just how "solid" they were. The book ends with the International Socialist Congress of Basel, in 1912, significantly held in a cathedral, to the chiming of bells, and symbolizing the final collapse of pre-war bourgeois idealism.

In *Residential Quarter,* we are given the aftermath of this betrayal, as the novelist focuses his attention, and intention, on the elder ruling-class generation that made the war. The effect of this volume as a whole is to bring out the absolute moral rottenness of that class which was responsible for the war, and which today is heading straight for fascism and a new imperialist slaughter. By way of accomplishing his purpose, the author makes use of a merciless, unrelenting vivisection of the French bourgeois in every phase of his unbelievably sordid existence, from the bedroom to the deputy's bench.

The ever expanding canvas which was begun with *The Bells of Basel* is here continued with the portraits of two brothers, sons of a small-town physician and Radical politician, along with an all but bewildering array of minor figures, all of them scrupulously drawn and a number of them taken from the upper strata of the bourgoisie. The result is a panorama in effect; and by the time he has followed the scores of shifting scenes to page 504, the reader begins to feel that he has a better understanding, not only of the forces that made the World War, but of those which are now preparing the next one.

In this book, too, we find that fierce, undying hatred of their own class which in France is characteristic of the "après-guerre" sons of the bourgeoisie, that same younger generation which, out of bitter disgust, rushed into such frequently puerile excesses as Dadaism and Surrealism; though the best of them, like Aragon, René Crével, and others, were later to discover the futility and essentially bourgeois character of a "revolution" of this sort, and were to come over in the end to the great working-class and People's Front movement. If one bears this in mind, he will be better able to comprehend the restrained white fury with which Aragon's pages are filled, and the two brothers, Armand and Edmond, will at the same time become more intelligible to him, as he recalls the fact that Aragon himself comes of this class and has a first-hand knowledge of his subject matter, a knowledge "touched with emotion."

This, incidentally, is the Aragon who wrote that finest of modern revolutionary poems, "The Red Front." *Residential Quarter* is by way of being a "Red Front" of the novel.

The story begins in the little provincial town of Sérianne, a concentrated inferno of sex and social viciousness, then moves on to Paris, which, we discover, is but a Sérianne on a larger, world-menacing scale. Within the Barbentane household we glimpse that war, literally, of "all against all" which is typical of the French bourgeois family, and which has provided material for a whole school of French novelists. The younger brother, Armand, starts out as a pious and piety-feigning young cad, but through certain fortuitous and fortunate working-class contacts, is gradually led to rebel against his class and all it stands for. Edmond, on the other hand, becoming first a medical student and then a refined gigolo, evolves into a cynical young accepter of things as they are, with no illusions and without a shred of conscience.

The careers of the two brothers are symbolic of the two diverging paths which the sons of the warmakers have followed since the war and the days of Dada, that abortive post-Armistice revolt. We can picture Edmond today, a middle-aged bourgeois, pensively wondering if a Hitler or a de la Rocque might not be a good thing for France after all. Armand's path, by contrast, is that of the Aragons and the Crévels, who at last have found themselves, marching in step with the great French people.

Armand's awakening had begun back in Sérianne, with the activities of the strike-breaking "Pro Patria" group. In Paris, after "carrying the banner" and tasting the misery of unemployment and starvation, and after being unconsciously roped in as a scab, he finds his true place with the workers on the picket line. Meanwhile, the war is at hand, and the Chamber is voting the Three Year Law; and, rising from the Socialist benches, Jaurès thunders in behalf of the minority, as he draws an invisible circle around them: "Here, then, is the boundary line of France!"

These words that Armand carries away with him in his troubled heart pose the whole problem anew, and don't forget that he knows nothing about life, that he knows only what they have chosen to tell him, like all his equals, who as yet have no other responsibility in the immense swindle than the fact that they happen to have been born into a certain group rather than another, and who might still choose to align themselves against their fathers, on the side of human beings.

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"It is only by being a traitor to my class," Aragon once remarked, "that I am able to function as a revolutionist." It is by being such a "traitor" that he now functions as a revolutionary novelist of the first order. From the days of Bouvard and Pecuchet and Monsieur Homais we have had innumerable pictures of the bourgeois, but never a picture like this—there could not have been, for this is not the bourgeois that Flaubert knew; it is the bourgeois at the end of his rope, on the eve of the grand crackup, and already plotting the murderous-suicidal adventure of fascism.

Here, in short, is something that the well-meaning Romains, with all his endowments as a novelist and all his volumes to date, has not yet succeeded in giving us. Here is life itself, and not its mere artistic simulacrum. Here is life—the life of the death-makers, who are doomed to perish that life may live.

SAMUEL PUTNAM.

New Frontier

OUR PROMISED LAND, *by Richard L. Neuberger. The Macmillan Co. $3.*

ONE of the distinctions President Roosevelt has consistently displayed during his occupancy of the White House, and one for which he will long be remembered, is that he is the Pacific Northwest's most vocal and effective booster since Jefferson. As he has stated repeatedly, and not only for the gratification of the voters in the region, he is "sold" on this section of the country.

Mr. Roosevelt's enthusiasm, which has meant so much to the states surrounding the Columbia River, is no private whim but a reflection of the temper and aims of the New Deal. It is a vital part of the administration program. The President contends, with Mr. Neuberger heartily agreeing, that this area is in a sense a refutation of the common belief that the American frontier is no more.

There is of course a special sense to the definition "new frontier" as applied to the Pacific Northwest today. For, to the extent that it represents a national safety-valve at all, it is a frontier that has to be made. Populous areas and substantial industrial centers already exist in Washington and Oregon. These do not beckon to the hungry and thirsty emigrants from the prairies. The regions which must accommodate those who take part in a major shift of population are today as worthless as the North Pole. But with water and electricity they can be as productive as any land in the world.

The significant fact is that the Columbia Region has water galore, waiting to be brought to the places where it is needed, and as much potential horsepower as all the other sections of the country combined. And with Grand Coulée and Bonneville the government is making these resources available.

The future of Washington, Oregon, and Idaho—and it is a tremendous future—is bound up with the future of public power.

Touring through Washington and Oregon at a time when drought in the Midwest was most severe, President Roosevelt surveyed the scene of the biggest public works program in history and repeated Horace Greeley's words of the last century. And "go west" more than a million dustbowl sufferers did. It is estimated that more than 100,000 went all the way to the state of Washington.

"There *is* an American backwoods," Mr. Neuberger maintains, "and the Pacific Northwest is it."

In attempting to create a general picture of a region which merits the name of hinterland, Mr. Neuberger overreaches himself at times. Theodore Winthrop, who traveled down Puget Sound in an Indian canoe a century ago, took his discoveries more in stride than does the present chronicler. Mr. Neuberger assumes an attitude of open-mouthed astonishment, which gives an exaggerated horse-opera touch to his story. It undoubtedly adds color to the book to refer to the perfectly twentieth-century labor struggles of the region as "the disarrayed scramble for power and dominance on this far-flung frontier" or to state that "political events treated as freakish and unbelievable elsewhere are commonplace in the Pacific Northwest." But essentially this tremendously promising region is not that kind of a frontier.

The book contains workmanlike though not terribly profound commentaries on the economic and political struggles of the Pacific Northwest and their leading participants. J. D. Ross and his battle with the utility interests appear here; Dave Beck, Seattle's "business man" labor leader; Washington's picturesque Lieut. Gov. Vic Meyers (who wanted to file for governor, but on being informed that the filing fee for that post was $60, asked, "What have you got for twenty?"); Harry Bridges, Senator Borah, and others. There is a timely chapter on the initiative and referendum, the former weapon being vigorously employed this year by anti-labor and reactionary interests.

Mr. Neuberger, though a resident of Portland, Ore., sometimes writes in the style of a slightly inebriated visiting Englishman, and some faults can be found in his treatment of labor and political leaders, but on the whole his book is an important work well done.

ROGER CHASE.

"Sex Fiend" Defined

THE SEX CRIMINAL, *by Dr. Bertram Pollens. The Macaulay Co. $2.*

"HANGING is too good for him!" is the outraged sentiment of many an intelligent person when he hears about another sex criminal. In this book, the first authoritative and modern treatment of the problem of the sex criminal, Dr. Bertram Pollens, senior psychologist at Rikers Island Penitentiary, shows

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Dec. 3—Saturday evening—27th Annual New Masses Ball—Music by Savoy Sultans, Webster Hall, 119 East 11th Street, N. Y. C.

Dec. 23—Friday evening—"From Spirituals to Swing"—An evening of American Negro Music. Featuring Count Basie—Carnegie Hall, 57th Street and Seventh Avenue, N. Y. C.

Dec. 31—New Year's Eve. Group Theatre Production of Irwin Shaw's "Gentle People" with Franchot Tone and Sylvia Sidney.

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that blaming the so-called sex fiend for his act is like blaming a man for having contracted pneumonia.

The sex criminal is a sick man, and punishing him does good neither to him nor society. His illness does not lie in deficient intelligence, as was formerly believed, for today it is known that the distribution of intelligence among sex criminals is just about the same as that among the general population. He is suffering from a "distorted emotional state, which may not be as visible and tangible as a broken arm, but is nevertheless just as real."

The problem of the sex criminal is no new one, although the general public is very much aware of it today. Sex crimes, like other crimes, show advance and recession over the years. But only in 1937, the same year that saw frank, public consideration of venereal diseases, did the subject appear for open, popular consideration. The gravity of the problem, Dr. Pollens points out, is not adequately indicated by the fifteen hundred yearly arrests in New York City for sex crimes. These he calls, "the superficial rash on our civilization . . . symptoms indicative of an underlying condition which produces not only sex crimes but many other varied symptoms not usually associated with sex disorders."

Dr. Pollens examines the problem in two phases: treatment of existing sex criminals, and measures to prevent the development of sex criminals.

For existing criminals he recommends commitment for an indeterminate period to mental hospitals which are neither penal nor correctional, where they would be treated by psychologists and psychiatrists. It is Dr. Pollens' experience that many cases are amenable to psychotherapy, and others are so mild that guidance alone is needed. The incarceration of such mild cases in prisons and reformatories, as is the present practice, usually aggravates the condition. With Warden McGee of Rikers Island Penitentiary, Dr. Pollens finds that a large proportion of the younger sex criminals are former inmates of institutions.

The patient would remain in these mental hospitals until cured, or sufficiently improved to be safe for parole. If paroled, he would attend an out-patient mental-hygiene clinic, and should indications of relapse appear, be recommitted without the necessity of legal procedure. If therapeutic attempts fail, and his tendencies are dangerous, the patient would remain in the institution for life. Society should not wait until he commits a major crime.

To effect such a plan, present laws should conform with modern scientific knowledge. The legalistic concept of insanity, for example, is neither a medical nor psychological one. It derives from the old English common law which holds that any person who knows the nature and quality of his act, knows it is wrong, is guilty of crime, and may not avail himself of the defense of insanity. Since only a negligible number of sex criminals are insane or mentally defective within this definition, judges and juries are forced to permit dangerous criminals to remain at large. Dr. Pollens points out that the recent sex criminals, Lawrence Marks, Salvatore Ossido, and Simon Elmore, had long records of sex offenses and prison sentences, but were not committable under the law. At large in society, they eventually followed pathological emotional drives which resulted in murder.

In a preventive program for the sex crime problem, Dr. Pollens finds greatest hope. He sees a way of solution in a new and broad educational plan which trains the emotions as well as the intellect. The parents' place in such a plan is of course paramount and Dr. Pollens advocates with Magistrate Kross the establishment of parents' clinics, where psychologists and psychiatrists may assist parents with their problems.

A very important feature of the preventive program is the training of emotional expression in the form of recreation and leisure-time activities. At the Hawthorne-Cedar Knolls School for delinquent boys and girls, and at the Harlem Community Art Center, the teaching of art work has proved very successful in providing a legitimate outlet for the emotions. Dr. Pollens recommends highly the work of the WPA Art Project and urges that it be a permanent setup. He sees great merit in the experimental personality course at Metropolitan Vocational High School.

Dr. Pollens' book is a timely and carefully considered study which should be of interest to the general reader.

CORA MACALBERT.

Charles Martin

★

Magazines

TAC. *Published by the Theatre Arts Committee. 10 cents.*

The *New Theatre* magazine, which died and was mourned by progressives in the film, drama, and dance world, is the posthumous parent of a bouncing infant out of the Theatre Arts Committee. They call it *TAC*, after its mother, and it's the dadburndest baby on the newsstands. The November issue is present, with pieces by writers from every department of the expansive committee—Ernest Hemingway, Robert Stebbins, Wilson Whitman, the Duchess of Atholl, Alfred Brennan, David Wolff, Blanche Yurka, Margaret Bourke-White, Howard Dietz, Bobby Lewis and Hiram Sherman (inviting audiences to hiss), Robert Kingsley, Yao Hsin-Nung, Seki Sano, and Edna Ocko (the editor). An excellent Czechoslovakian supplement tells us with pictures about the great Czech political comedians, Voskovec and Werich, who are on their way to America. You'd be smart to catch up with *TAC* right away, for it is destined to be one of our most readable and important magazines, whether you are in the theater arts or just a box-office taxpayer.

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SIGHTS AND SOUNDS

"We Like America"

THE NEW MASSES' first annual art exhibition opened last Sunday at the ACA Gallery and may be seen there through November 27. Over 120 paintings, drawings, sculptures, and prints by as many artists show that their makers not only like America, but NEW MASSES as well; for all the works on exhibit are for sale, a percentage going to the artist and the rest to this magazine. Art lovers who prefer progressive art cannot afford to miss the exhibition.

The important thing about the exhibition is not that 120-plus artists *like America*—this fact is not always clearly brought out in the work contributed—but that so many of them have aligned themselves on the side of progressive thinking and acting; also that progressive thinking and acting are recruiting very rapidly, to judge from new names found among old standbys. In this sense the theme song of the exhibition is true; for it is liking America that has motivated these artists to place themselves on the side of NEW MASSES and against various reactionary publications which might be named.

As one studies the exhibits, packed into a double row in the compact but hospitable quarters of the ACA Gallery, one finds a large proportion of good work, and much of it from the new recruits. The two chairmen of the exhibition, Art Young (honorary), warhorse of the left art movement, and Gropper (executive), warhorse junior, are represented by excellent black-and-white drawings, Young's a satire on the "entertainment" industry, Gropper's on *Politicians*.

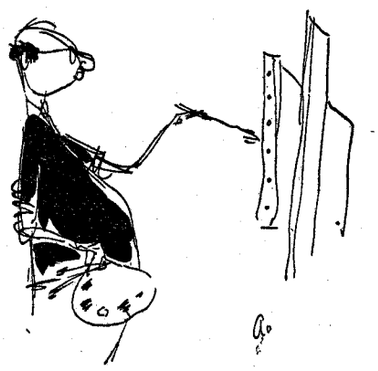
Other black-and-white artists whose work constantly supports these columns are Ajay, represented by a romantic oil, Reinhardt by an abstraction in oil, Richter by *Business Man,* and Refregier by a surrealist cartoon of sour-puss Hoover, titled *The Old Deal.*

In the field of sculpture a contributor to NEW MASSES who stands out is Robert Cronbach, whose *Casey Jones,* with locomotive headlight illuminated, is an excursion into fun which is appropriate to the theme's exhibition. Eugenie Gershoy's *My Greater Duty,* a skit in polychromed plaster on Dewey, is very funny also. Dewey, renouncing his district attorneyship (but not actually) for his "greater duty" to run for governor, is shown with a barrister's wig and clad in an acrobat's tights, holding aloft the GOP elephant, as the strong man lightly tosses five-hundred-pound dumbbells in a circus act. This use of sculpture certainly has an important place in the growing movement to democratize art. In a more traditional spirit, the statuettes of Saul Baizerman are good.

Going through the exhibition, one finds a great deal of good work indeed, though its relation to the theme, *We Like America,* is not always apparent. Arnold Blanch's *Man Reading* is to the writer more interesting than his large canvas in the current Whitney show, because more solidly thought out and executed. Lucile Blanch's *Citizen Without Vote,* showing a Southern Negro standing by his shack, is a social commentary though put forth with careful understatement. Philip Evergood's small oil, *Wrestlers at Webster Hall,* is filled with this artist's apparently inexhaustible physical *joie de vivre,* while Joseph de Martini's *WPA Caravan Theater* is also expressive of a positive pleasure in life. In this affirmative mood is Elizabeth Olds' wash drawing, *Playground of the Poor,* showing a small Negro girl gayly riding a horse on a merry-go-round.

Good sound work is Morris Neuwirth's *Harlem: 1938,* as is Henry Kallem's *Composition. Portrait of a Child* by Morris Shulman is more mordant in feeling, but also excellent in conception. Julian Levi's *Dead End* is more socially aware than the handsome canvas in the Whitney show, though perhaps not as technically expert. Sensitive is Joseph Leboit's color sketch, *Head of a Negro Boy.* Satirical is Don Freeman's *Success,* showing a florist's messenger boy carrying a huge funeral wreath, with the one word inscribed on it.

Superb craftsmanship is to be seen in Lynd Ward's series of small wood engravings, *American Dream.* Hyman Warsager's color block print, *Boating,* shows how the younger printmakers are turning to color prints with no abatement of their former enthusiasm for graphic art as a medium of social expression. Other artists who should be at least listed are: Francis Criss, Stuart Davis, Abraham Harriton, Abram Tromka, Nahum Tschacbasov, Carol Weinstock. All exhibitors, of course, should get good marks for contributing their work to the support of NEW MASSES.



A. Ajay

The writer would like to add a word, however. The exhibition has a title, which suggests that the works shown are coordinated around a central theme. This is not the case. The individual artists have sent in what they had on hand. I, for one, should like to see an exhibition, "We Like America: II," which builds itself around the following quotation from Rex Warner's *The Wild Goose Chase:*

> It is the love of life that makes the revolutionary. It is the love of living, of delicacy and strength.
>
> It is the lively, it is the rich body and the candid mind, which are the lovable things. We love the country not because it is oppressed, but because it is alive. We hate the government, not because it is wicked but because it is dead. . . .
>
> So I say, love life. Hate your enemies, powerful death. . . . Love life. Help the revolution.

EXHIBITIONS WHICH SHOULD BE SEEN: Paul Klee at the Buchholz Gallery and the Nierendorf Gallery. Recent Matisse oils at the Pierre Matisse Gallery. Piero di Cosimo at the Schaeffer Galleries. Gros, Gericault, and Delacroix at Knoedler's. Old drawings at Durlacher's. Marin at An American Place. Sculptors Guild at the Brooklyn Museum, continued till December 11.

ELIZABETH NOBLE.

Two More Doctors

THE high opinion that Lenin held of the motion picture as a propaganda medium is fully borne out by the extraordinary film, *Professor Mamlock,* that has just come from the Soviet Union to the Cameo Theatre in New York. German refugees made it—Friedrich Wolf, Adolph Minkin, and Herbert Rappaport—and they have pictured Hitler fascism in a way that towers over words. The potentialities of the film are great and unapproachable to the movie composer who has to

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work within trivial bourgeois themes; only where the great voice can be let loose upon a subject like the Nazis does the film assume the proportions felt by Lenin.

The point of view in *Professor Mamlock* is that of democratic Germany, so much so that the film might be considered German rather than Russian. So adroitly have the all-Russian cast, camera, and musical composers fitted themselves to the Berlin scene that the picture seems a new triumph in the German film tradition that was murdered by Hitler. How this could happen, this merging of two manners, could come only from the international culture of Socialism.

Professor Mamlock, a Jew, is director of a Berlin clinic, scornful of the political struggles that involve his Communist son, Rolf, during the first months of Nazi power. The Nazis have not yet been able to provoke a situation from which they can unleash their full program of murder and misery. The Communists are working fast to rally the people's front before the Nazis strike. But one evening the radio in Dr. Mamlock's cosy bourgeois parlor breaks out with the chant that the Reds have burned the Reichstag, the act by which Hitler earned his major place among the monsters cast up in human history. Now comes German revenge. Rolf knows what it means and his Communist student group prepare to go underground but many are caught by truckloads of Nazi thugs who moved in time with the firing of the Reichstag. The gifts of Hitler arrive. To Professor Mamlock comes a parade through the streets with "JUDE" painted upon the breast of his surgeon's robe, a scene as hatefully dramatic as anything done in film. To Krause, the lout who has been living off Mother Wendt, a small shopkeeper, comes a handsome Storm Trooper uniform. To Dr. Inge, the pretty girl aide of Dr. Mamlock, comes the shattering of her National Socialist "ideals" in the face of such events. To Dr. Hellpach, the mean under-surgeon of the clinic, come another uniform and directorship of the hospital in the interests of race purity. To Werner Seidel, the liberal editor, comes a satisfying rationalization for condoning the deed against his friend Mamlock—the Nazis show him a paper signed under compulsion by Mamlock's patients and colleagues, asking that Mamlock be driven from the clinic. Just so a majority signed it, says the liberal, that makes it all right.

The Communists gather underground. Their fortitude and daring in their ceaseless work is one of the main interests of the film. Actual details of propaganda work—how their newspaper is prepared, how it is distributed, how they are organized—are revealed. *Professor Mamlock* paints Hitlerism in its deepest bloody hues but it is not a defeatist picture. The masses who stand in the streets watching Nazi Jew-baiting are boiling underneath their impassive stares; decent people who have been fooled by the "ideals" of National Socialism see its true face as events unfold; the intimidated ones, the ignorant ones, the neutral ones, cannot ignore the scenes before their eyes. There is a great sense of hope in the intrepid Communist activity; in this shattered, apparently hopeless ruin of humanity the virtue of mankind that has gathered slowly through the centuries is not lost. Like a hope of spring in a bitter winter the puny numbers of men calling themselves Communists are still alive and fighting. Take hope, the picture says, there are yet men alive in the backrooms of Germany. You take care of your Chamberlains; our Mamlocks are working.

There is no question whatsoever that *Professor Mamlock* is one of the grandest of all films. Critics who deprecate its propaganda content, as Frank Nugent of the New York *Times* has attempted to do, are facing a rather disheartening task. The fact is that the picture is all propaganda. The distinction between propaganda and art has never been smaller. People who desire "objective" and "artistic" treatments of such events as the present pogrom in Germany belong in the tents of Chamberlain and not among those who are willing to struggle against Hitler for civilization. It is the task of everyone who reads this notice to take his uninformed friends to the Cameo to see the most overwhelming indictment of Hitlerism ever produced.

TO DIRECTOR GARSON KANIN, screenwriter Dalton Trumbo, and actor Edward Ellis, whose last important role was that of the Judge in *Winterset,* my felicitations on a modest and deeply touching picture about a small-town doctor, *A Man to Remember.* Dr. John Abbott's life story of great deeds done modestly and without wealth among Westport's poor is given a noble characterization by Edward Ellis. That cliché character, the gruff but kindly doctor, has a fresh meaning in the picture. See Lionel Barrymore for how not to do it. Also the mixture of attack on fraud and genuine sweetness which I found unsuccessful in *The Young in Heart* is perfectly resolved in this picture because the director and the actors are sincere about it. They also have the advantage of a sizzling attack on small-town stuffed shirts—the owners of Westport whose mean natures are John Abbott's greatest obstacle. Although each of the current pictures about doctors, *Professor Mamlock, A Man to Remember, Young Dr. Kildare,* and *The Citadel,* have their special qualities of excellence, I would put Edward Ellis' movie triumph second only to *Mamlock* on my prescription.

JEAN BENOIT-LEVY, the French director who made that quiet and warm film of childhood, *La Maternelle,* has brought out a picture about the dancers of the Ballet of the French National Opera entitled *Ballerina.*

The director admires and understands the Spartan maidens of the ballet whose story he tells in the highly original technique he showed in *La Maternelle* and *Hélène.* His language has a name for this approach—*sympathie,* which means regard as much as sympathy. Using, for the main part, neophytes, apprentices, and professionals of the dance, rather

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than actors, he catches their actual gestures and grimaces, emphasizing them and being guided by them as he stages his story. Perhaps it is easier to draw such valid effects from amateurs than from veteran actors as Jean Renoir has done in *Grand Illusion*. At any rate, both directors have that ability that seems confined to France, to bring us so close to the screenplay that it seems experience rather than fiction.

Ballerina is the story of Rose Souris, a twelve-year-old student of the dance, played by Janine Charrat, whom the director found in intermediate classes of the National Opera School. Rose's intense ambition to become a ballerina leads her to affix her adolescent love upon the star of the opera, Mlle. Beaupré, played by Yvette Chauvire who, in real life, is *première danseuse* of the opera. But another dancer, Nathalie Karine, played by Mia Slavenska of the Ballet Russe, threatens Beaupré's supremacy. The little girl's loyalty to the fading star causes her to spring a trap while Karine is performing *La Mort du Cynge* and the dancer breaks her leg in the fall. This is the end to a dancer's career but only the beginning of Rose's torture. Benoit-Lévy handles this ugly situation and its solution in a quite believable fashion. The emotional tides that are let loose by Rose's impulsive act make a meaningful basis for the ballet scenes, which are presented in unvarnished simplicity. The director has seemed to feel that the ballet is graceful enough without tricking it out with camera effects or spectacular choreography.

Ballerina will excite dance followers and all those who appreciate an original and moving directorial technique. The English titles by Julien Leigh, dance direction by Serge Lifar, and Chopin and Gounod music played by the French National Opera Symphony handsomely supplement the acting and direction.

THROUGH SOME KIND OF DUMB LUCK *Angels With Dirty Faces,* an admirable title, came through unchanged from the first script to the screen for James Cagney's return to gangland. Cagney is also unchanged, hitching up his coat collar with a self-conscious shrug, leveling his eyes at the heroine so that her knees fairly buckle, and scaring the pants off the tough mob he is challenging for the leadership of the rackets.

Machine guns are back, throwing enough lead to win a Nazi putsch, tear-gas shells are displayed, and the morals of the Dead End Kids have never been more reprehensible. Either Elder Will is asleep at the scissors or Joe Breen has been paid off for all this anarchy with a fulsome glorification of a priest. Pat O'Brien plays the cleric who was a boyhood chum of Cagney, who went considerably wrong later. In their old neighborhood, Father Jerry is striving to uplift the Dead End brats from their cigar smoking, shooting snooker pool, and rolling affluent strangers, when Rocky Sullivan comes back to Dock Street after twenty glamorous years in and out of the big clink. Presto. Rocky delivers the kids to Father Jerry and a nice, murderous game

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of basketball is staged to signalize their salvation. Cagney, as the referee of this rough engagement, cows the lads with an assortment of cuffs, kicks, and swipes, in a satisfying scene. But the law catches up with Rocky for wiping out the rival mob and he goes to the chair. What the scriptwriters have devised in the way of a moral ending is the most unbelievable twist of the year, but then something pretty desperate was called for to counter the delightful illegality they had created before. See it because Cagney is back and for no other reason.

JAMES DUGAN.

Anti-Fascist Comedy

BELLA AND SAMUEL SPEWACK have done the neatest trick of the Broadway season—written a hilarious anti-fascist show. My hat is officially off this week to New York's funniest, gayest, most tuneful musical comedy in years, the Spewacks' *Leave It to Me!* I suppose I shouldn't confess the loss of critical dignity, but I laughed myself sick at this new Cole Porter-Victor Moore-William Gaxton-Sophie Tucker opus.

The talented Spewacks have combined some of the most stinging anti-fascist satire I've heard in years with a screwball musical-comedy plot, a champion cast, the hit songs of the season, notably fine costumes and sets, and a troupe of expert dancers. I shudder to think what Messrs. Kaufman and Hart would have done with the *Leave It to Me!* story—but I'm more than glad to report that the Spewacks write the wonderful tale of a New Deal ambassador (Victor Moore) in the Soviet Union without making any nasty cracks about (1) President Roosevelt or (2) the Soviet Union.

Indeed, the Spewacks use their side-splitting story of a poor, miserable gentleman from Topeka, Kans., who wants desperately to go back where he came from, as a springboard for their devastating anti-Hitler, anti-Chamberlain, anti-Mussolini, and anti-Japanese satire. *Leave It to Me!* sparkles throughout with real wit, but I can't resist quoting a few of the lines. The Japanese ambassador, for instance, is late for a reception. Mr. Gaxton, as the ambassador's friendly enemy, remarks casually, "Oh, well, he's probably looking for his camera." And when, a few minutes later, a loud hissing as of steampipes leaking is heard offstage, Mr. Gaxton says, "Ah, the Japanese ambassador being polite."

Of course, one of the highlights of the show is the scene with the German ambassador, who has announced that if he is not invited in, he will "march in." His hand out in a Nazi salute, the German ambassador tells Victor Moore that his country wants to be friendly with the United States. "All we want is your army, your navy, your South American trade, your coal deposits, your steel factories, and your beer plants. Outside of that, we want to be fr-r-riends." Mr. Moore listens to this speech with his famous air of drooping bewilderment, and then asks his first secretary for advice. "Tell him," says the frock-coated diplomat, "that the United States appreciates the German government's offers of friendship and hopes that the cordial relations between the two governments will continue and grow." Mr. Moore shakes his head—and the gesture brings down the house. And then, of course, he fulfills the repressed desires of half of New York—he kicks the German ambassador.

Leave It to Me! is packed with delightful songs, but Sophie Tucker singing Mr. Porter's amiable little ditty, "Most Gentlemen Don't Like Love," is alone worth the price of admission. Incidentally, the chorus girls in the Red Square demonstration scene sing "The International" with verve and enthusiasm that would put Madison Square Garden audiences to shame. The night I attended the show, the ermine-coated ladies in the first rows positively shrank as the chorus on the stage shouted, "'Tis the final conflict. . . ."

The whole cast for *Leave It to Me!* does a remarkable job of energetic and good-natured clowning. Mr. Moore, of course, wins all hearts, and Sophie Tucker can still keep the top-row balcony rolling in the aisles with a single shrug of her shoulders or wave of her hand. What a woman!

A final word. *Leave It to Me!* now and then has some unmalicious fun at the expense of Soviet officials. Stalin, for instance, appears at the Red Square demonstration and hi-de-hi's to the chorus' song about Comrade Alonzo Goodhue, the nation's new hero. But I submit that the Spewacks' brief glimpse of Stalin shows him as a pleasant, enthusiastic gentleman. Miss Tucker sings a song called "From the USA to USSR," which various gentry on the New York papers felt that NEW MASSES couldn't and wouldn't like. Well, I liked the song. I thought it was funny. Miss Tucker warbles that her husband (Victor Moore) wants to go back to America where Charlie McCarthy instead of Stalin is the nation's leading radio star. In my opinion, that's harmless fun at the expense of Topeka, Kans. (Mr. Moore's home town which he says some people think is dir-r-ty, but he thinks is pur-r-ty) rather than Socialism.

The Spewacks show Stalin swing-singing in honor of a New Deal ambassador; and a Nazi ambassador getting inelegantly and painfully kicked. I thought *Leave It to Me!* was swell.

RUTH MCKENNEY.

Violinist and Composer

RECENTLY there appeared at Carnegie Hall two musicians, one as violinist, the other as composer, both of whom have given long and generously of their talents to Spain, China, and a score of other progressive causes. The violinist was Max Pollikoff, the composer Morton Gould. Concert goers that evening

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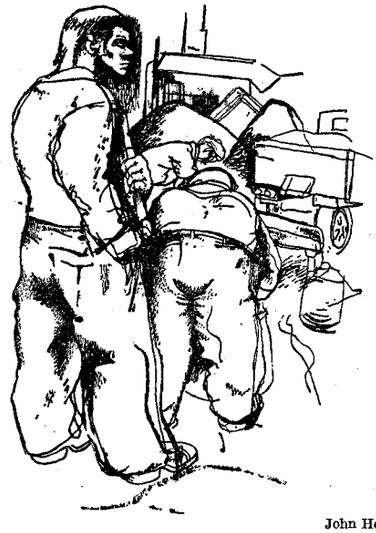
might well have called to mind a scene from the Soviet film *The Beethoven Concerto,* in which the young violinist generously performs the cadenza of his fellow student; for by including on his program the world première of Gould's *Violin Concerto,* Mr. Pollikoff evinced a rare willingness to share the glory of a Carnegie Hall performance with a fellow musician.

As a violinist, Pollikoff has a sure technique and a gratifying flair for his instrument. He displayed, moreover, a freshness of approach to program-making which made his concert a joy for those who have been wearied by the excessive repetition of standard works. Opening with a Bach *Partita,* Polikoff played next a *Symphonie Concertante* by Mozart for violin and viola, in which he was assisted by Louis Kievman. No less than the Gould concerto, this composition must have been a new musical experience for many in the audience, and as such, a further revelation of Mozart's gifts. The Gould concerto furnished added proof of its composer's talent, although I would not classify it as among his best work—it is too mannered, too consistently polytonal, and lacks sufficient breadth for an extended work. Yet it evidenced a facility and style which must surely attain a rich fruition in some future composition.

Well authenticated word comes from Hungary that the two outstanding Hungarian composers, Bela Bartok (who last year forbade the playing of his music in fascist countries) and Zoltan Kodály have resigned from the Hungarian Composers Society and have joined its French counterpart. The reason: the Hungarian group under Nazi domination has taken measures against Jewish composers, allowing them no division of profits for their work. In protest, these two non-Aryan composers, the greatest in Hungary and, with the exception of money-grubbing Dohnányi, the only Hungarian composers with a valid international reputation, have resigned in the face of a near-Nazi government. All free artists in the world must rejoice at their stand and salute their courage.

JOHN SEBASTIAN.



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- The I LIKE AMERICA DRIVE continues.
- As long as New Masses hasn't the 20,000 new subscribers required, long range assurance that the magazine can continue is out of the question.
- The results of the recent elections make the continuance, and strengthening of New Masses a matter of immediate concern for all progressive professional and middle class forces.

If you haven't yet obtained your one subscription — will you do this: set yourself a deadline of this week end for getting it. In these three or four days, concentrate on one person who is most likely to subscribe. Make the supreme effort to obtain that person's signature on a subscription form, within the time limit we ask you to set.

As outlined last week, you can take the full year subscription, and only $1, with the balance to be billed in monthly installments. A copy of Granville Hicks' book I LIKE AMERICA will be sent all such subscribers.

It is our earnest desire to make it as easy as possible for you to obtain that one subscription. If your desire to help New Masses, and the progressive forces for whom it speaks, is equally as keen . . . we expect to hear from you — no, let us say we MUST hear from you, with at least one subscription . . . one subscription which means 20,000 . . . which means, above all, that NEW MASSES CAN CONTINUE!

Sincerely yours,

George Willner

Business Manager

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